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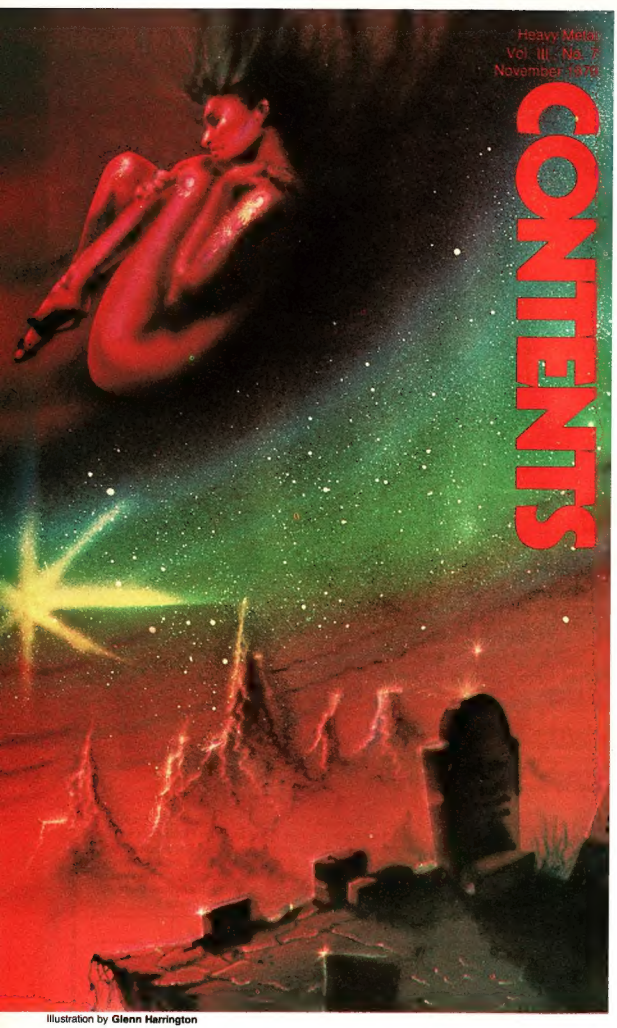

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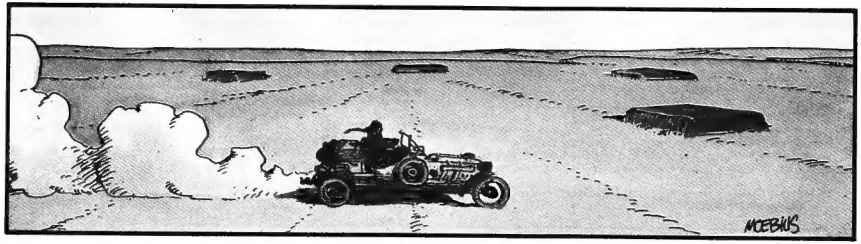

Illustration by **David Yorke**

...Thirty-two...

Lotsa goodies in store and story: Corben is back with "Rowlf," an instant classic guaranteed to continue here for the near future. "Galactic Geographic" also makes a return (bet you knew it would), as do Frank Brunner's illuminations of Michael Moorcock's "Elric," the first half of which you will recall (that *is* an order!) appeared in our September issue. (Back issues—in case you missed any—are available from the publisher. Check it out.)

Then there's Bodē's "Zooks," which gives a different perspective to at least the art and science of magazine-reading positions. For those who prefer as few words as possible with their pictures, "Homer's Idyll" may do the job. The rest of you can recoup on the words with our final installment of "The Stars My Destination."

The mix of French and American material is gradually settling into balance, but more changes are forthcoming.

Next issue will greet the holiday season with Christmas charm, very Gallic; the new year will see a new editor and some new directions: nothing lost, something gained.

Cheers!

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CHAIN MAIL

Dear Sir:

The other day as I was reading my *Heavy Metal*, a friend (Jeff) asked me if I knew how the pictures in the magazine were made. I'm somewhat familiar with reproduction techniques and started running it down to him. He said, "No, I mean where the picture came from," as in where (or how) the picture originated. I figured someone just sat down and drew them. He told me that I was wrong and explained that a few years back during the half time of a Super Bowl game, an artist by the name of Leroy Neimen demonstrated a machine that produces pictures without the artist (the machine requires an artist to operate it) ever touching a pencil or pen. With the advances in computer technology, I can believe that there is such a machine, but I wasn't ready to believe that the art in *Heavy Metal* was a product of such a machine. Jeff told me that Leroy Neimen said that all cartooning today is done with this machine; and therefore, the pictures in *Heavy Metal* were produced that way.

Would you please clarify this for me. Are you familiar with this machine; and is the art in *Heavy Metal* a product of it? In the event that the answer to the latter part of the last question is "some of it is," the particular picture in question is in Paul Kirchner's "Tarot," on the bottom of page 65 of the December 1978 issue. If you would please, please settle this for me, it would be greatly appreciated, as it has somehow become a bit of a major issue between my friend and me.

Michael B. Cagle
Florence, Ariz.

Dear Michael:

Yes, they have put men on the moon and invented American processed cheese food in a can, but the art in Heavy Metal ***is still produced by hand.—The Eds.***

Dear Editors:

Each time you publish a copy of *HM* filled with esoteric nonsense, I resolve not to renew my subscription. Then you publish an issue like August with purposeful, imaginative story lines and beautiful color and artwork, and I'm pleased to be a subscriber. I do miss Moebius's fantastic color work.

Why is there always a letter with a reference to the correlation between marijuana and your magazine published in Chain Mail? Do you people have the East Coast franchise?

Albert Marten
Beloit, Kan.

Dear *Heavy Metal:*

You have a fine artistic fantasy magazine. My problem is I'm not too involved in aggressive magazines. Not to say *Heavy Metal* is violent, it's just too powerful for me.

I'm willing to bet that there are thousands of people out there just waiting for...a magazine that holds the gentle side of fantasy. I'm all for sex, but I feel the world is so full of sex for the pleasure of it that love is being left out in the cold more and more every day. Why not design a fantasy magazine that is truly fantasy? Something that the world sees very little of these days: romance. My own senses are revolted by art that displays such things as people kicking others in the balls or throwing up in each other's faces, gouging out eyes or hacking off heads. It just seems so sadistic to me. Sex should be gentle and romantic, not violent and artificial with vibrators and dildos shoved here and there to make the human act of love animalistic.

Please don't misunderstand me, I'm not looking for comic-book love and adventure. I'm looking for two nude people coming together in the act of love, not sex. There's a big difference. We hear of war and ugliness, killing and rape, every day of our lives. Why not corner the market on something that is never seen: a beautiful, peaceful world. This is true fantasy; what could be more unrealistic?

Regie A. Struble
Lakewood, Colo.

Dear *Heavy Metal:*

Those unenlightened buffoons who write the unappreciated, if not venomous, letters complaining about such trivialities as morality, explicity (or lack of), or story quality, cannot determine the very difference between celestial black holes and their own offal canals....You continue to bring us the finest writers and illustrators and we love you for that! More!

Mark Jackson
Lodi, Calif.

The Story of Rowlf

© 1971, 1979 Richard V. Corben

In the land of Canis, peace and tranquility reigned. The people, mainly peasant farmers and castle servants, loved the elderly ruler. The king had a daughter, Maryara, who was wonderously fair to look upon. The girl was of an age to receive suitors, and her father encouraged her, for the sake of her future subjects, to make a wise choice. Some came to court her with hope of gaining a handsome dowry, until they learned that Canis, although happy, was a rather poor land. However, Raymon was convinced that once he was in power, he could change things . . .

. . . except for **Rowlf.** Maryara was extremely fond of her faithful wolf-dog. Rowlf loved his mistress to the limit of his capacity. But he hated Maryara's suitors, especially Raymon.

I have a very special surprise for you today. We're going to see Sortrum the wizard. I've persuaded him to give us a demonstration of his occult powers.
That should be very interesting, Raymon.

The dog didn't trust the two men and intended to watch the proceedings.

I will show you something that no other human has witnessed. **MOBILAMORPH!** I, Sortrum the sorcerer, will change the form of one creature into one that is completely different!

See this silly little cat! His role in life shall soon be altered. . . There, sit still, little kitty.

GONAR PUTHNABORAT FELINEOUSARUM MOBILA VESPERTILION BATALUNEOUS!

Heh, heh, heh! Look at her, go!

Rowlf leaped to protect his mistress.

Rowlf is the stupidest dog in the world. Yara, you should get rid of him.
Don't be so mean to him. He was only trying to protect me from that bat. Why don't you make friends with him?
GROAWR
Ye Gods! He'd take my arm off if I gave him half a chance
It's just because he's so upset. I'm going to stay out here with him for a while
Good, you do that. But I'm still going to talk to your father about getting rid of him. Now I must speak to Sortrum and try to undo the damage Rowlf has done. The wizard is very important to the future of Canisland.

It was a pleasant warm day in Canisland, much too nice for the dreary proceedings at the house of Sortrum. Recalling the innocent joys of childhood, Maryara longed to be free of her forthcoming responsibility.

Oh, what a beautiful pool. It looks like the one I swam in as a little girl.
It is rather warm today. That cool water looks so inviting.
I'll do it! You'll keep a watch out for me, won't you, Rowlfy? Warn me if anyone approaches.
Ha, ha, ha! Stop watching, you naughty dog!
Aaahh! This is wonderful!

As Yara played in the water, something evil watched
Rowlf became suddenly alert to the presence.
Rowlf, what is it? Is someone there?
GROAWRR
Lustful eyes watched in silence
Humedly, frantically, Yara dressed.
YEEAGH

In her haste to escape the hideous creature, Yara ran directly into another.

Rowlf, with the situation almost under control turns to face the second threat.

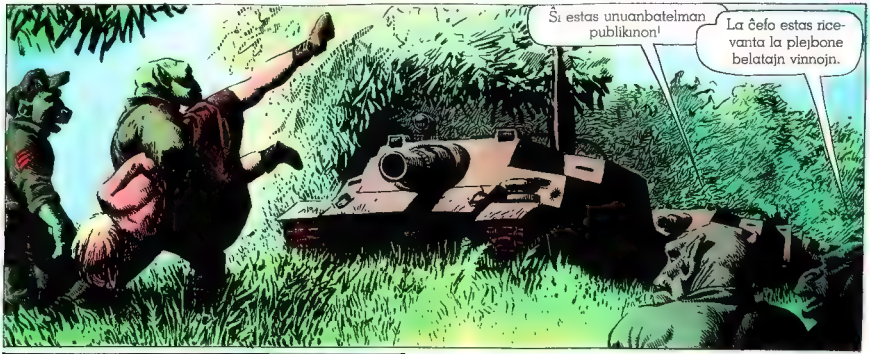
Somehow sensing that he couldn't fight the strange weapons, Rowlf obeyed Yara's command and ran to fetch Raymon.

But alas, the demon abductor didn't wait for help to arrive.

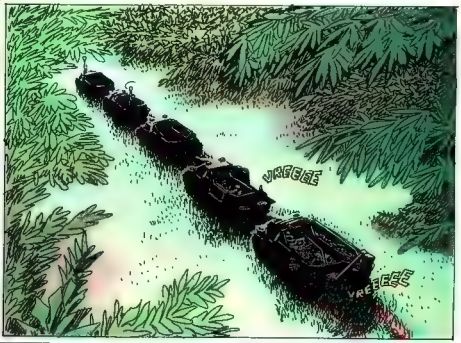
The forest sounds were hushed; only whimpering and rustling leaves were heard

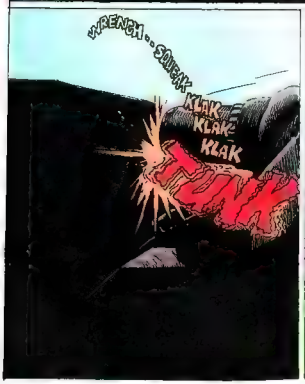
Despite the beast's overpowering strength, Yara spiritedly fought to escape

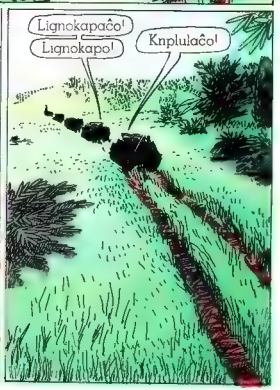
Yara had never seen the likes of such machines as these in her life. She couldn't imagine their purpose, nor at this moment did she care.



The power plants of the weird vehicles came to life with barely a whisper, a misleading sound considering their awesome potential.







Meanwhile Rowlf had returned to Sortrum's house.
Oh God, he's back!
Rowlf, stop that barking
BARK
BARK
BARK
Shut up, damn it! . . . uh, hey! Where is Maryara?
If he smashes one more thing I'll kill him!
BARK
BARK
BARK
What is that stuff on his fur?
BLOOD! The girl's blood!
Good Lord! (gasp) WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH YARA, YOU BEAST?
BARK
WUF
GRRRRRR
It must have been his wolf's heritage! The savage monster turned on Yara and murdered her. Where is she?
Just look at the snarling fiend!
GRRRRRRRR
Finally Rowlf became aware that the humans could not understand him. He turned hoping to save Yara himself.
Don't let him escape!
SLAM
How will we ever find Yara's remains? He can't tell us. Oh, if only he could talk, then we could torture it out of him!
Yes, of course! . . . If he could talk, we could force the information from him.
And . . . only a man can talk!
The column of demon tanks came to the crest of a hill overlooking the castle of Camsland
HALT!
RUMBLE

Serjento!
Ĉu estas la lokon?
Jesi. Mi estas revena nian bazon. Vi havas la konadon. Permesu nenu-un je vivi!
The sergeant remounted his vehicle and signaled to the platoon.
IRU!
The chief waited and watched the column advance toward the castle.
RRUMBLLLLL
RRRUMBLLLL
RRUMBLLLLL
RRRUMBL
Approaching the road, the sergeant signaled again
You mean you can actually turn him into a man? . . . And he will be able to talk?
So you doubt the powers of Sortrum the sorcerer! Watch, you disbeliever!
What is that noise?
It's coming from outside It sounds as if the ground is shaking!
GOOD LORD!
Sortrum, come here! Look at those weird things What in the world? They are approaching Canis Castle!
SORTRUM, Look out the window!
er, What's that?
Mobilus, er, damn it! Mobilus Rowlf . . . NO! It's . . . SHUT UP, MAN! You'll ruin the spell! Rowlf Canis mobili . . . into Homo Sapiens? er Mobilus Canis Sapiens . . .-.?
You fool! You caused me to miscast the spell!
GORATH-SUM-KUM NEDA-LITLAT... CANIS-ROWLF-MOBLER
WHAT?

Rowlf had changed into . . . a man? No. The sorcerer's blunder created a thing without precedence. Could this creature survive in this universe? Could this world cope with this monster? Rowlf awoke as if from

a long, long dream. A bewildering awareness came over him. A number of confusing thoughts appeared and disappeared in an instant.

Rowlf, say something! Where is Yara? **SPEAK!**

God, what have I done?

More important, can it talk?

BARK BARK BARK

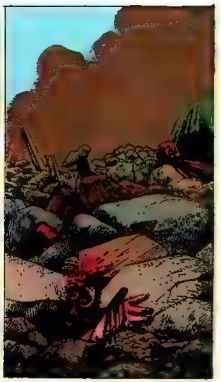
Damn! Still a dumb stupid beast.

Never mind that. Look at what's happening over at the castle.

Who goes there? What do you want?

RRRRRRRRRRRR

KA BLAM



Rowlf remembered his mission . . . Yara was in danger. For the first time in his life he **thought** over the situation . . . First he must escape from these stupid humans . .

Satisfied that his orders were being carried out, the demon chief left the scene of destruction

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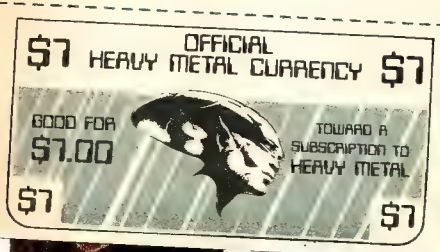
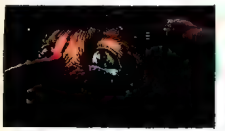
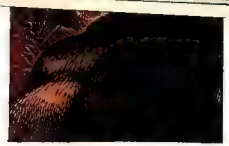


he soon found that his body weight had doubled in the transformation change. Miles slowly crept by. His legs felt like lead as he

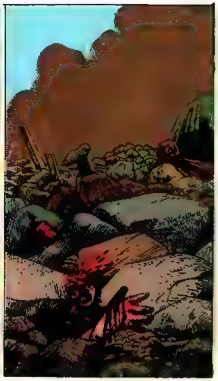




and evening was fast approaching. Desperately he ran on. He stumbled.

With lungs afire the figure trembled Slowly the quivering stopped Finally all was still. Night had fallen.

to be continued



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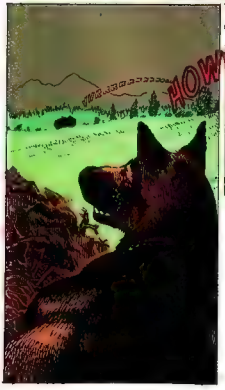
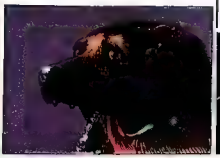


With a single thought on his newly expanded mind, Rowlf, the dog-

creature charged after the rumbling tank. Hoping to overtake it quickly,



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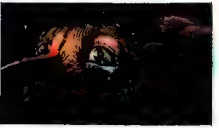


ran, gasping for air. Hours passed, melting Rowlf's stamina. The tank had disappeared from sight and evening was fast approaching. Desperately he ran on. He stumbled.

With lungs afire the legate trembled . . Slowly the quivering stopped. Finally all was still. Night had fallen.

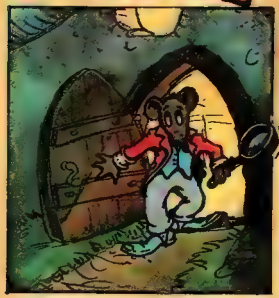
to be continued

EGG-STAINED WINE

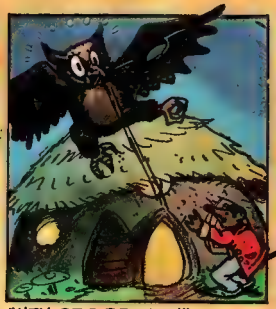
·PHIL TRUMBO·79©

"IT DIDN'T WORK. 'E'S STILL OUT THERE. BLIGHTER'S BEEN THERE ALL NIGHT."

"WHAT'LL WE DO, MOUSIER" "WE AIN'T TAKIN' IT, THAT'S WOT."



"I'M GOIN' OUT. IT'S HIM OR ME!"



"HEY, ORC BREATH!"

"YA DONE IT, MOUSIE! YER WUNNERFUL." "AW, 'TWAS NOTHIN'."

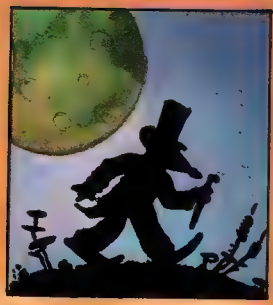
"WE'LL SEE YOU LATER... TA TA."

"AIN'T NO BIRD GONNA MAKE A MEAL OUTTA ME. I'M NOBODY'S...

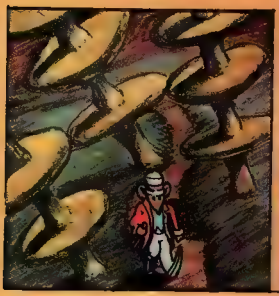
...FOOL...YARR!!!"

"SWINE, SCOUNDREL, SNEAK!"

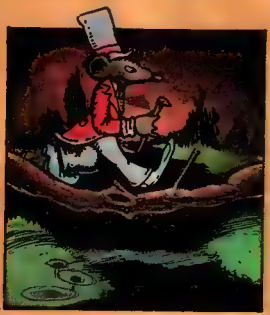
"MUST MAINTAIN RESPECT."



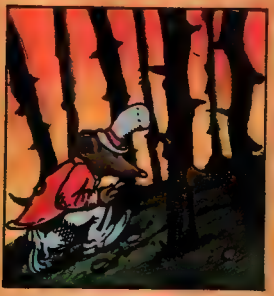
"MOUSE'S GOTTA KEEP 'IS PRIDE ABOUT 'IM."



"THERE'S TOO MANY AS WOULD LIKE TO SEE A FELLER LOSE HIS PLACE."

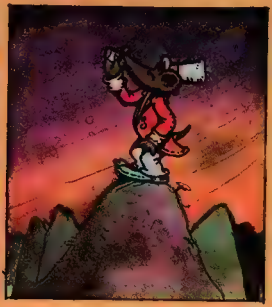


"MAINTAIN BALANCE, THAS THA KEY, AN' LET 'EM KNOW WHO'S BOSS."



"PUFF, PUFF, PUFF..."

"WE NEEDS A WEE NIP, DON'T WE, MOUSIE?"



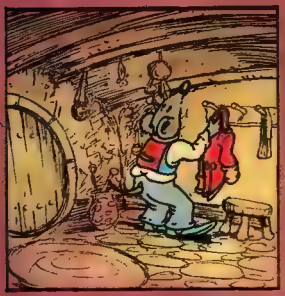
"MUST PAUSE TO CONSIDER THE SITUATION..."

"LAWDY, I'M COMING HOME."

"ME LITTLE HOLEY HOME."

"ME CASTLE, REFUGE FROM THE STORM."

"WHEW! BY ODKIN'S BALLOCKS!"

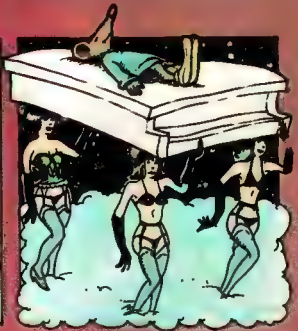

"THERE WUZ ORLOCKS BEHIND EV'RY BUSH."

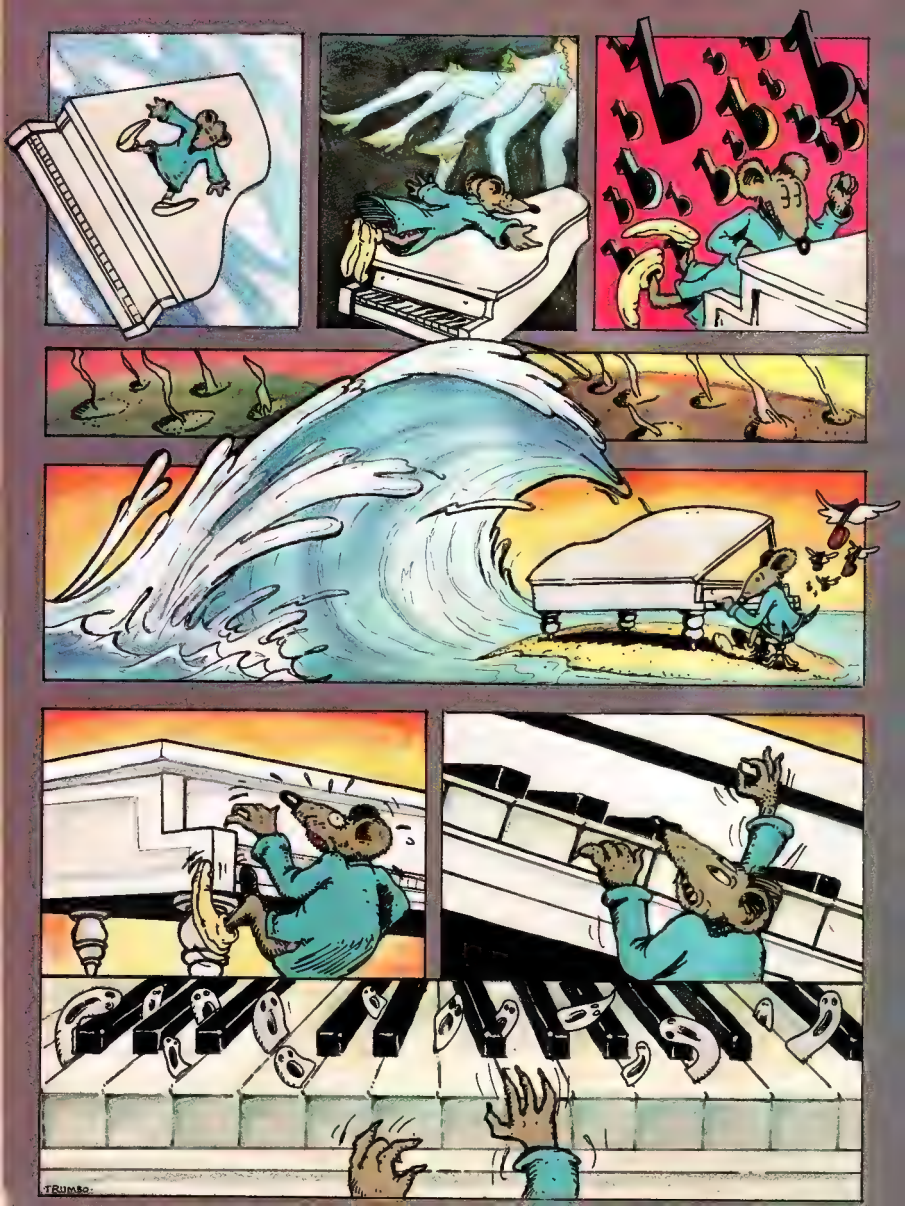
"MONSTERS AN' GHOSTIES 'AT WOULDA LIKED A LITTLE OL' MOUSIE TO NIBBLE ON."

"BUT WE SHOWED 'EM, SCATTERED THE ROTTERS."

"TIME FOR CRITTERS TO SLEEP."

"SUCH A HEAD, TOO MUCH FUN."


(MOUSIE PROCEEDS TO DREAM.)

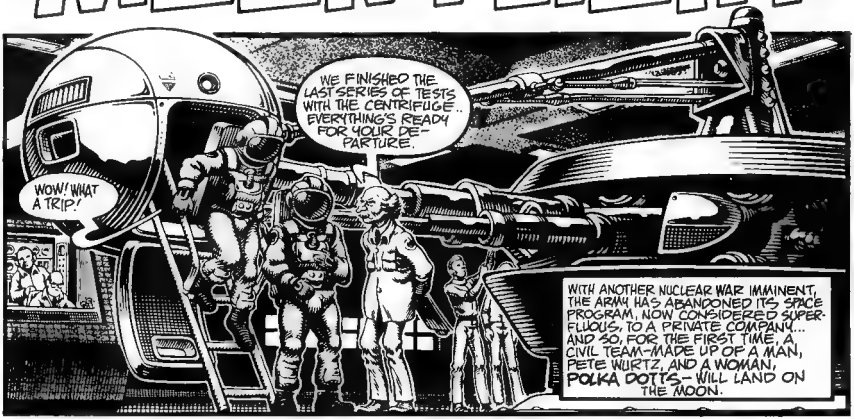

TRUMBO

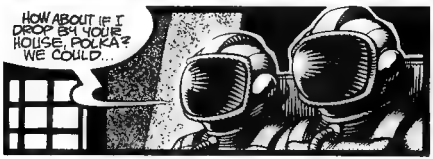
YAAHH
BLINK-BLINK
"HUH, WHAT, UH OH, MMM..."
IT'S OK. I'M

...AWAKE???"

-END-

MOON FLIGHT


WOW! WHAT A TRIP!
WE FINISHED THE LAST SERIES OF TESTS WITH THE CENTRIFUGE.. EVERYTHING'S READY FOR YOUR DE-PARTURE.
WITH ANOTHER NUCLEAR WAR IMMINENT, THE ARMY HAS ABANDONED ITS SPACE PROGRAM, NOW CONSIDERED SUPERFLUOUS, TO A PRIVATE COMPANY... AND SO, FOR THE FIRST TIME, A CIVIL TEAM-MADE UP OF A MAN, PETE WURTZ, AND A WOMAN, POLKA DOTTS-WILL LAND ON THE MOON.


HOW ABOUT IF I DROP BY YOUR HOUSE, POLKA? WE COULD..

AND GIVE UP ON THE OTHER!
JUST DROP ME OFF, PETE!

WHY DON'T WE SPEND THE LAST NIGHT ON THE PLANET TOGETHER, POLKA? AFTER ALL, IF WE'RE GOING TO SPEND TEN DAYS ALONE ON THE MOON TOGETHER, YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE IN...

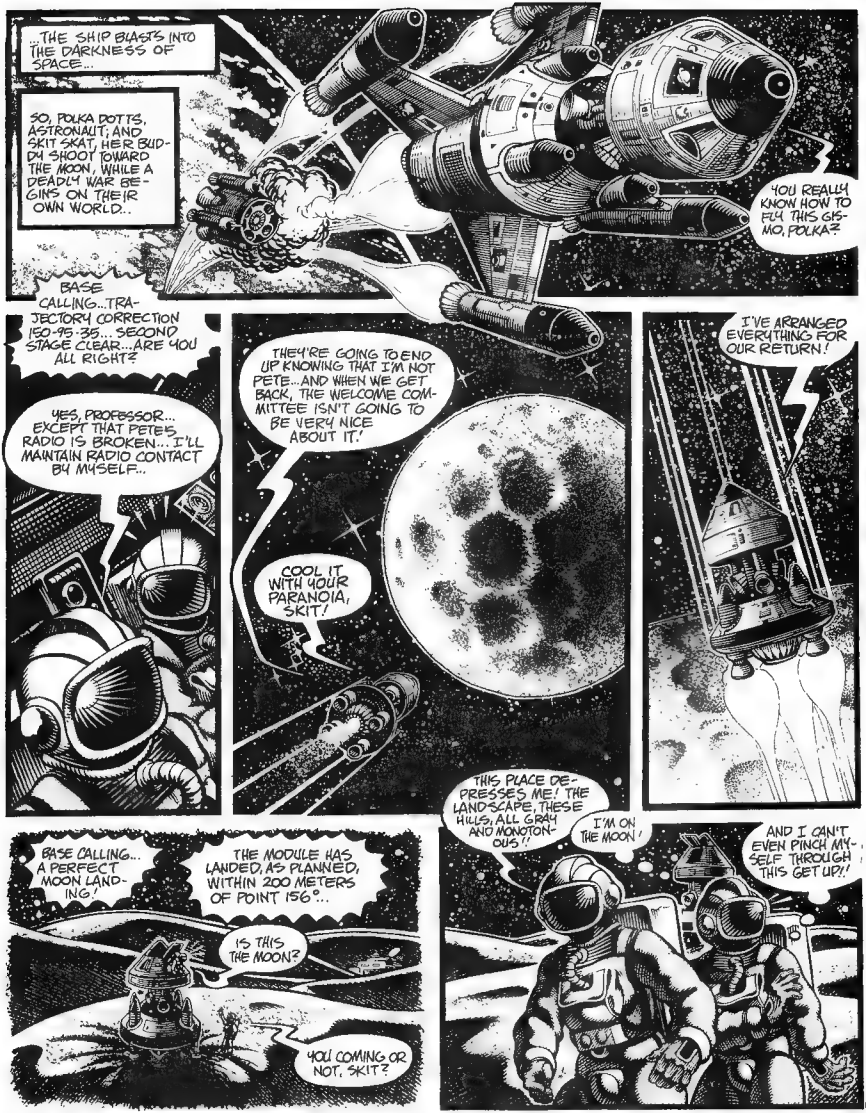
YOU REVOLT ME, YOU CHAUVINIST PIG!
THERE'RE GOING TO BE MILLIONS OF VICTIMS IN THIS WAR, AND ALL YOU THINK ABOUT IS GETTING YOUR ROCKS OFF!

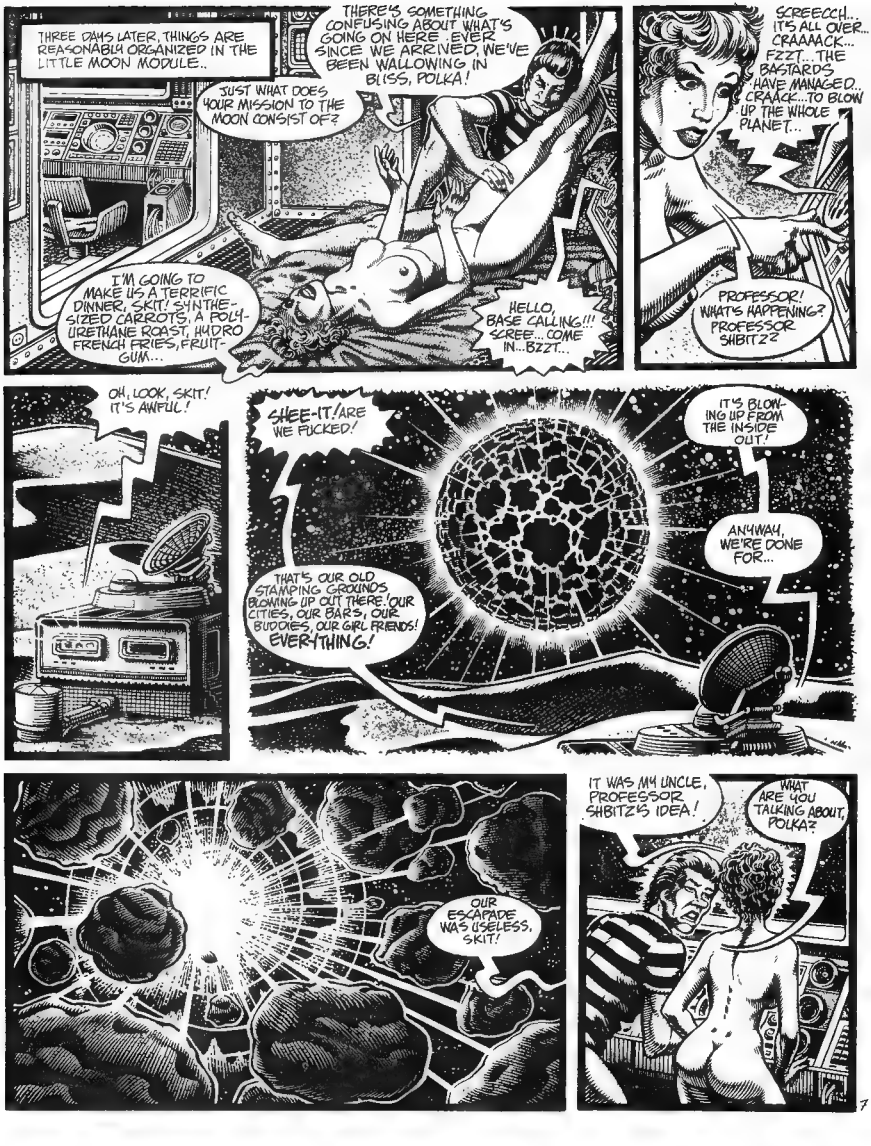
CLICK!
SKIT!
WHAT A JERK THAT GUY IS!
HEY, POLKA, GOT A MATCH?
?
I THOUGHT YOU WERE WITH CAPTAIN RUSTAN'S FLYING CIRCUS!
MMMMMM... I'M SO HAPPY THAT YOU'RE HERE TONIGHT!
WE HAD TO GIVE UP THE AERIAL SHOW... THE WAR, YOU KNOW...
MMM.
C'MERE!
THE TWO FRIENDS CELEBRATE THEIR REUNION IN THE MOST AGREEABLE WAY...
WOWWW!
OOOH! SKIT! IT'S ALWAYS LIKE THE FIRST TIME WITH YOU... SINCE THE VERY FIRST TIME!
I WOULD RATHER GO WITH YOU TO THE MOON THAN WITH THAT DEPRAVED PETE!
YOU CRAZY OR WHAT?!!

NEXT MORNING
GOOD DAY, MISS DOTTS DOCTOR MEASLE IS WAITING FOR YOU...
THEY MUST HAVE BEGUN THE COUNTDOWN!
OH, POLKA! I'VE JUST FINISHED MAKING UP YOUR DRUG KIT.. NOW WE CAN BEGIN THE BIO-CHECK-UPS!
THIS IS AN HISTORICAL MOMENT FOR CIVIL ASTRONAUTICS ..
HERE ARE DOCTOR MEASLES CLOTHES. PUT THEM ON FAST!
3

A LITTLE WHILE LATER, IN THE CONTROL ROOM..
PROFESSOR SUBITZ?
HERE I AM, POLKA... WE'RE COMPLETING OUR CHECK-OUT OF THAT SCRAP HEAP THAT THE ARMY SOLD US! HOW DID YOUR BIO-CHECKUPS GO? IS PETE THERE?
MMM YES, PROF. EVERYTHING'S FINE...
JOIN US ON THE GANG-PLANK WHEN YOU'RE READY!
HOWDY, BABE!
IT'S ME, YOUR LOVER BOY, PETE!
IN GOOD SHAPE FOR OUR HONEY-MOON!
IF YOU'VE GOT ANY DOUBTS ABOUT MY BODY, YOU CAN FINGER THE MERCHANDISE!
BAAA..
REEL IT BACK IN, PETE, CAUSE YOU'RE NOT GOING WITH ME...
WHA'?? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
WHO'S THAT?
HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO MANAGES TO SEND ME INTO SPACE...
AND HE'S THE ONE I'M GOING TO FLY WITH!
WHAT?! THAT CREEP??
AIEEE!
MMMPH!
CRACK!

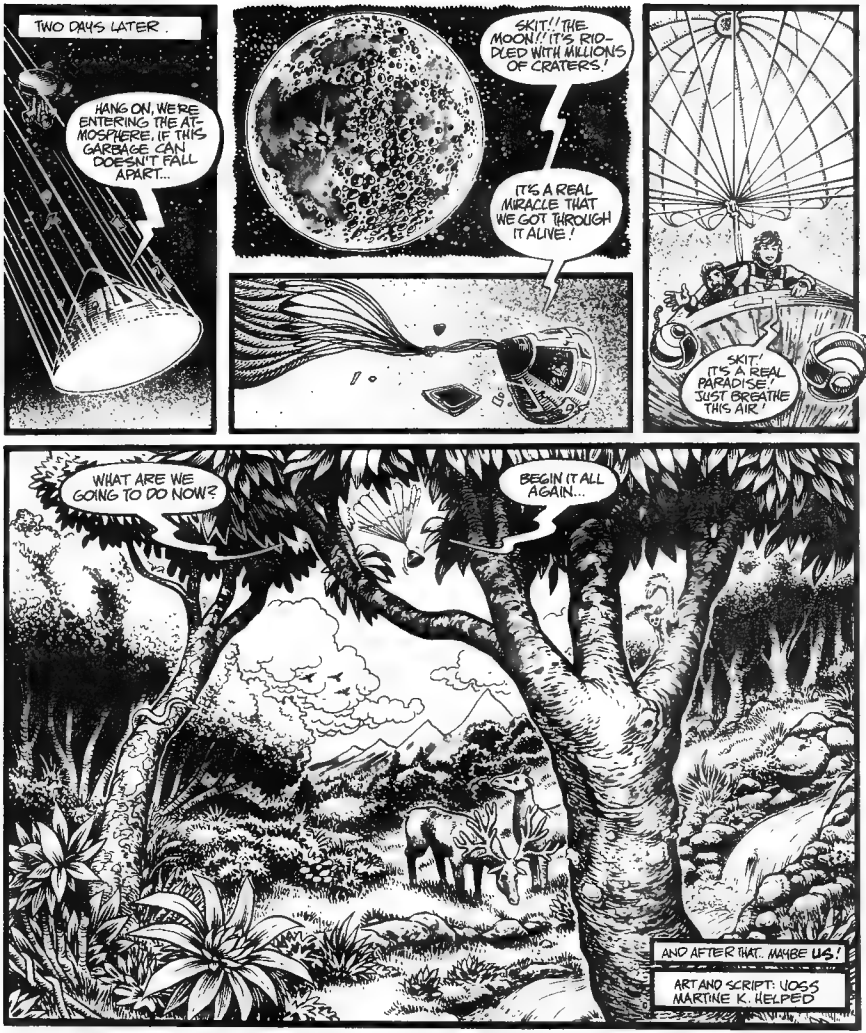
DID YOU SEE THAT? I LEVELED THE MEATBALL WITH A SINGLE BLOW!
STOP DREAMING, SKITZ! IT WAS THE SHOT I GAVE HIM! HELP ME PUT HIM IN THE CLOSET WITH DOCTOR MEASLE.
OOOH! IS HE HEAVY!
OOH.
HE'LL SLEEP FOR AT LEAST TWO WEEKS, THANKS TO THAT INJECTION!
NOW THAT'S DONE! GET DRESSED QUICKLY! PROFESSOR SKITZ IS WAITING FOR US!
TELL ME, POLKA, ARE YOU REALLY DOING THIS BECAUSE YOU LIKE MAKING LOVE TO ME?
ISN'T THAT ENOUGH OF A REASON?
A FEW MINUTES LATER ON THE LAUNCH PLATFORM...
HERE THEY ARE, PROF!
UNFORTUNATELY..
THIS WONDERFUL MOMENT IS TARNISHED BY THE HOSTILITIES THAT ARE ABOUT TO BREAK OUT!
WHAT'S THE OUTCOME GOING TO BE, PROFESSOR?
I PREFER NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT, POLKA... I'VE LEARNED, FROM A RELIABLE SOURCE, THAT THE FIRST WAVE OF MISSILES WILL BE LAUNCHED THIS MORNING!
LATER
POLKA? PETE?
YES, PROF..?
TEN MORE SECONDS TO COUNTDOWN! ALL SYSTEMS GO... 5,4,3,2,1... BLAST OFF!
AND AT THAT MOMENT.


...THE SHIP BLASTS INTO THE DARKNESS OF SPACE...
SO, POLKA DOTTS, ASTRONAUT; AND SKIT SKAT, HER BUDDY SHOOT TOWARD THE MOON, WHILE A DEADLY WAR BEGINS ON THEIR OWN WORLD..
YOU REALLY KNOW HOW TO FLY THIS GISMO, POLKA?
BASE CALLING...TRAJECTORY CORRECTION 150-95-35... SECOND STAGE CLEAR...ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
YES, PROFESSOR... EXCEPT THAT PETES RADIO IS BROKEN... I'LL MAINTAIN RADIO CONTACT BY MYSELF...
THEY'RE GOING TO END UP KNOWING THAT I'M NOT PETE...AND WHEN WE GET BACK, THE WELCOME COMMITTEE ISN'T GOING TO BE VERY NICE ABOUT IT.'
COOL IT WITH YOUR PARANOIA, SKIT!
I'VE ARRANGED EVERYTHING FOR OUR RETURN!
BASE CALLING... A PERFECT MOON LANDING!
THE MODULE HAS LANDED, AS PLANNED, WITHIN 200 METERS OF POINT 156°...
IS THIS THE MOON?
YOU COMING OR NOT, SKIT?
THIS PLACE DEPRESSES ME! THE LANDSCAPE, THESE HILLS, ALL GRAY AND MONOTONOUS!!
I'M ON THE MOON!
AND I CAN'T EVEN PINCH MYSELF THROUGH THIS GET UP!!


THREE DAYS LATER, THINGS ARE REASONABLY ORGANIZED IN THE LITTLE MOON MODULE..
THERE'S SOMETHING CONFUSING ABOUT WHAT'S GOING ON HERE. EVER SINCE WE ARRIVED, WE'VE BEEN WALLOWING IN BLISS, POLKA!
JUST WHAT DOES YOUR MISSION TO THE MOON CONSIST OF?
I'M GOING TO MAKE US A TERRIFIC DINNER, SKIT! SYNTHE-SIZED CARROTS, A POLY-URETHANE ROAST, HYDRO FRENCH FRIES, FRUIT-GUM...
HELLO, BASE CALLING!!! SCREE... COME IN... BZZT...
SCREECCH... IT'S ALL OVER... CRAAAACK... FZZT... THE BASTARDS HAVE MANAGED... CRAACK... TO BLOW UP THE WHOLE PLANET...
PROFESSOR! WHAT'S HAPPENING? PROFESSOR SHBITZ?
OH, LOOK, SKIT! IT'S AWFUL!
SHEE-IT! ARE WE FUCKED!
IT'S BLOWING UP FROM THE INSIDE OUT!
AN4WAY, WE'RE DONE FOR...
THAT'S OUR OLD STAMPING GROUNDS, BLOWING UP OUT THERE! OUR CITIES, OUR BARS, OUR BUDDIES, OUR GIRL FRIENDS! EVERYTHING!
OUR ESCAPADE WAS USELESS, SKIT!
IT WAS MY UNCLE, PROFESSOR SHBITZ'S IDEA!
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, POLKA?
7

HE SAID THAT THE NEXT WAR WOULD BE TOTAL... AND HE REALLY CARED FOR ME...
A MOON MISSION WAS BEING ORGANIZED. AND SINCE HE WAS THE DIRECTOR OF IT...
HE SUGGESTED THAT I TAKE PART IN IT AND STAY ON THE MOON UNTIL HOSTILITIES WERE OVER... BUT I DIDN'T LIKE MY TEAMMATE AT ALL...
SO, MY UNCLE HELPED ME TAKE ALONG SOMEONE ELSE, WHO SUITED ME BETTER!
ME?!
IF YOU HAVE TO CONTINUE THE RACE, BETTER TO DO IT WITH SOMEONE YOU LIKE...
IT'S NICE OF YOU TO HAVE THOUGHT OF ME IN YOUR PLANS TO CONTINUE THE RACE, BUT...
SKIT!! THE DEBRIS FROM THE EXPLOSION!
NOW IT'S OUR TURN TO GET IT, POLKA!
AN HOUR LATER..
INCREDIBLE!! THE MODULE IS BASHED UP, BUT IT MADE IT! LET'S GO LOOK AT THE CAPSULE...
WHAT'S THE USE, SKIT? WE HAVE NOWHERE TO GO, UNLESS WE WANT TO DIE!
DON'T TALK SHIT, POLKA. AS LONG AS WE'RE BREATHING, THERE'S HOPE! THIS HEAP OF TIN'S IN TERRIBLE SHAPE, BUT WE'LL FIX IT UP!
HOW LONG CAN WE HOLD OUT?
IF THE OXYGEN GENERATOR AND THE FOOD SYNTHESIZER HOLD OUT...
BANG! BANG!
ABOUT TO TEN MONTHS... BUT... WHAT ABOUT AFTERWARDS??

EIGHT MONTHS PASS WHILE THE MOON, PROPELLED BY THE EXPLOSION ON EARTH, AROUND WHICH IT TURNS, CROSSES SPACE IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SUN...
INSIDE THE MOON MODULE, SKIT AND POLKA DIVIDE THEIR TIME AMONG REPAIRING THE CAPSULE, MAKING LOVE, AND ARTIFICIALLY INDUCED SLEEP..
OOOHHH! I THINK YOU WENT A LITTLE HEAVY WITH THE SLEEPING PILLS! WE MUST HAVE SLEPT MORE THAN FIFTY HOURS!
ACCH! WHAT'S THE USE OF WAKING UP?
YOU FINISHED REPAIRING THE CAPSULE.. BUT IT'S ONLY GOT THREE DAYS LIFE-SUPPORT LEFT..
THE MOON'S GOING TO FLY RIGHT INTO THE SUN... IT'LL BE ALL OVER SOON...
...FOR THE THREE OF US!
SHUT UP WITH YOUR PROPHECIES, YOU'RE DEPRESSING ME!
OH, SKIT! THE MOON!! LOOK! IT'S PUTTING ITSELF IN ORBIT AROUND TERRA, THE THIRD PLANET IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM!
WE'RE SAVED!!!
A LITTLE WHILE LATER...
THE SPACE WAVES WE'RE PICKING UP...
...FROM TERRA SHOW THE EXISTENCE OF A BIOSPHERE...
...IN WHICH WE CAN SURVIVE!
THEY BLAST OFF TOWARD TERRA (OUR OWN GOOD OLD PLANET, AS YOU MAY HAVE REALIZED) ON BOARD THE SHIP WHICH SKIP HAS PATCHED UP...


TWO DAYS LATER...
HANG ON, WE'RE ENTERING THE ATMOSPHERE. IF THIS GARBAGE CAN DOESN'T FALL APART...
SKIT! THE MOON! IT'S RIDDLED WITH MILLIONS OF CRATERS!
IT'S A REAL MIRACLE THAT WE GOT THROUGH IT ALIVE!
SKIT! IT'S A REAL PARADISE! JUST BREATHE THIS AIR!
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO NOW?
BEGIN IT ALL AGAIN...
AND AFTER THAT, MAYBE US!
ART AND SCRIPT: VOSS
MARTINE K. HELPED

PS. THE GERMAN ASTRONOMER OLBERS (1758-1840) SUGGESTED IN 1804 THAT AMONG THE LITTLE PLANETS GRAVITATING BETWEEN MARS AND JUPITER, FORMING A SORT OF RING, WAS A UNIQUE PLANET, SMALLER THAN EARTH, WHICH EXPLODED... (THE NEW ASTRONOMY... J.C. PECKER)

Barlowe's Guide to Extraterrestrials

by Ian Summers and Wayne Barlowe

The following accounts are excerpted from the upcoming book *Barlowe's Guidebook to Extraterrestrials*. Published this fall by Workman Publishing Co., this 144-page trade paperback will illustrate our interplanetary neighbors in brilliant color and raw detail. ©1979 Wayne Barlowe and Ian Summers.

MOTHER
Source: *Strange Relations* **by Philip Jose Farmer**

Physical characteristics: The Mother is a large, intelligent organism with protective outer camouflage resembling a large boulder in size and texture. Within the outer shell is a warm, fleshlike skin. A long, stalklike antenna is capable of broadcasting messages in radio frequencies and receiving information from other members of its species.

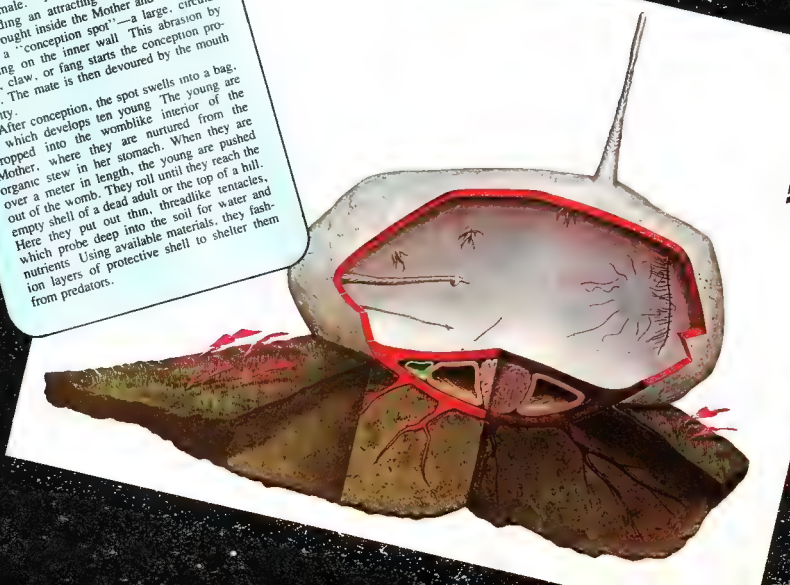
A great opening in the Mother's side, edged with a hairlike fringe, opens for feeding or mating. The interior of the being is an egg-shaped chamber approximately nine meters in length. The smooth, inner walls are moist and reddish-gray in color, covered with small red and blue tubes, which may function as veins and arteries.

The Mother has several hearts, four stomachs, powerful lungs, and scent glands used to lure prey. A deep mouth cavity lined with thousands of razor-sharp fangs opens from the inner chamber. The Mother is omnivorous, eating both the flesh of her prey and vegetable matter brought to her by a symbiotic parasite.

Habitat: The Mothers inhabit the planet Baudelaire, a cloud-covered, Earth-like world orbiting a double sun.

Reproduction: All Mothers are immobile and female. All mobile beings are therefore considered "male." The Mother seduces her mates by exuding an attracting musk. The mate is then brought inside the Mother and induced to attack a "conception spot"—a large, circular swelling on the inner wall. This abrasion by beak, claw, or fang starts the conception process. The mate is then devoured by the mouth cavity.

After conception, the spot swells into a bag, in which develops ten young. The young are dropped into the womblike interior of the Mother, where they are nurtured from the organic stew in her stomach. When they are over a meter in length, the young are pushed out of the womb. They roll until they reach the empty shell of a dead adult or the top of a hill. Here they put out thin, threadlike tentacles, which probe deep into the soil for water and nutrients. Using available materials, they fashion layers of protective shell to shelter them from predators.



MOTHER

POLARIAN
Source: *Cluster* by Piers Anthony

Physical characteristics: The Polarian is a teardrop-shaped being, approximately 1.8 meters tall when fully extended. A muscular socket at the bottom of the body holds the large wheel. At the upper end, the body tapers to a flexible tentacle (called a trunk if the Polarian is male, and a tail if female) that terminates in a smaller ball, held in place by a similar socket. Both ball and wheel are spun in their sockets by powerful, adhesive muscles. With its wheel spinning, a Polarian is capable of moving at speeds approaching seventy miles per hour and can rapidly change directions. By spinning the smaller ball against a hard surface, the Polarian can produce a wide range of sounds, including some that approximate human speech.

The Polarian's soft and flexible body has no bones. The dark brown skin is smooth and waxy; it acts as a radiation receptor, transmitting sensory information to the Polarian. The Polarian's skin can also radiate light, glowing in response to the being's emotions.

IXCHEL
Source: *A Wrinkle in Time* by Madeleine L'Engle

Physical characteristics: The Ixchel are compassionate, gentle beings. Their tall, elegant, muscular bodies are covered with short, silky gray hair. Graceful tentacles extend from each of the powerful arms, acting as both fingers and speech organs. Other softly waving tentacles on the head function as receptors of sound and thought. The Ixchel have no eyes and cannot understand what visually oriented beings describe as sight. The Ixchel exude a delicate fragrance that is soothing and attractive. Through their gentle touch, they can ease pain and heal illness.

Habitat: The planet Ixchel is Earth-like, but because the atmosphere is opaque, it receives only diffuse gray light during the day, and is completely lightless at night. Sight, as human beings know it, has not evolved on Ixchel, so the vegetation of the planet has had no reason to develop toward bright colorations—the predominant colors are brown and gray. The Ixchel live in great stone halls adorned with textures and carvings.

Culture: Very little is known about the culture and society of the Ixchel. They are at war with a totalitarian group-mind, which inhabits another planet in their system, and which plans to eventually absorb the entire inhabited galaxy.

POLARIAN

Reproduction: The Polarian reproduces in a unique fashion. The male and female circle each other, the male following a seductive scent trail laid down by the female's wheel. They circle faster and faster, spiraling inward toward each other until they meet. The male entwines his trunk around the female's tail, and their two balls touch in an electrifying, spinning kiss. Slowly, the male releases his wheel and takes the exposed lower part of the female's wheel into his now vacant wheel chamber. Their sockets seal tightly against each other, and together they spin the wheel, generating intense heat and releasing special enzymes. There is a moment of rapture as an electrochemical shift occurs, sending a shock through their bodies. The mutual wheel rolls free of the lovers, steaming and soft. In moments it unfolds, stage by stage, into a fully developed young Polarian, able to care for itself.

The male retrieves his wheel, while the female transfers her ball into her wheel socket, where it will gradually grow into a full-sized wheel. In a final embrace, the male gives her his ball to replace her now missing communication organ, rendering himself mute until he can grow a new one. The two part, never to mate again.

IXCHEL

VELANTIAN
Source: *Children of the Lens*
by E.E. "Doc" Smith

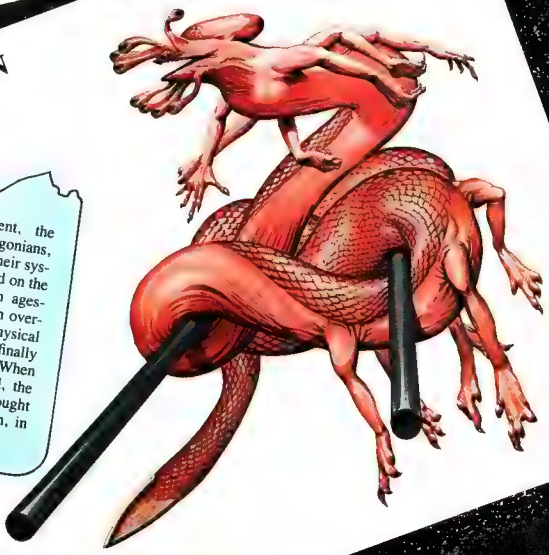
Physical characteristics: The Velantian has a ten-meter-long serpentine body, strongly muscled and covered with almost impenetrable skin and scales. Talons on the hands and feet are razor sharp, as is the knife-bladed tail. Broad, leathery wings used for gliding fold out of sight when the being is at rest.

Velantians are telepathic and can project their thoughts over enormous distances, even to nontelepathic races. Their brilliant and complex minds, their ability to withstand high gravitational stresses and accelerations, and their advanced scientific knowledge make them well-suited to interstellar exploration and contact.

Habitat: The Velantians inhabit the third planet of the star Velantia. Their planet, also called Velantia, is Earth-like in all major respects.

VELANTIAN

Culture: Early in their development, the Velantians were enslaved by the Delgonians, the inhabitants of the second planet in their system. The Delgonians, also telepathic, fed on the life-force of tortured Velantians. In an ages-long struggle to break free of the Delgon overlords, the Velantians developed their physical and mental sciences in secret, until they finally discovered an effective mind shield. When Delgon control was broken by the shield, the Velantians built interplanetary ships and fought a savage war of extermination with Delgon, in the end utterly destroying the Delgonians.



REGUL
Source: *The Faded Sun: Kesrith* by C.J. Cherryh

Physical characteristics: Regul are slow-moving, long-lived beings whose bodies change radically as they grow older. In their youth they are erect and relatively slender, with a bone structure visible under their gray-brown pebbly skin. Their extremely short legs are bowed, which causes the young Regul to move with a rolling gait. As the Regul ages, the body grows heavier, until, in old age, nothing of the being's body shape can be determined under the massive, wrinkled rolls of flesh. Soon after the Regul becomes an adult, it reaches a weight at which it is impossible for it to move itself.

Regul are two gendered, but even the Regul themselves are unable to predict a youngling's future sex.

Culture: The Regul have built an interstellar commercial empire, organized by clans. The immobile adults direct the activities of young Regul from their power sleds and have the power of life and death over the younglings that owe them allegiance. As a race, the Regul are noncombative and nonviolent, except toward their own children, preferring to hire mercenaries of other species to fight their commercial wars.

ISHTARIAN
Source: *Fire Time* by Poul Anderson

Physical characteristics: The Ishtarian, with his leonine body and nearly human torso, stands about two meters tall. The body is covered with a mosslike plant, leafy on head and mane, which lives in symbiosis with the Ishtarian, removing carbon dioxide and wastes from the being's bloodstream and returning oxygen and vital minerals. In addition to providing the Ishtarian with a more efficient metabolism, the symbiotic plant acts as a last-resort food supply for the omnivorous beings.

Skin color among the Ishtarians varies widely, from very light brown to nearly black. Females are generally a little smaller than males, and their hearing is even more acute than the sharp-eared males'. Ishtarians live long lives, ranging from 300 to 500 years.

MESKLINITE
Source: *Mission of Gravity* and *Starlight* by Hal Clement

Physical characteristics: The Mesklinite is 35 to 40 centimeters long, and 5 centimeters in diameter, with eighteen pairs of legs. The forward pincers function as hands, while the rear set are used for anchoring the Mesklinite in position when necessary. The being's four eyes surround a mandiblelike mouth. Each of the legs ends in a suckerlike foot, enabling the Mesklinite to tightly grip any surface.

The Mesklinite has no lungs, absorbing hydrogen directly from the air into its body, through skin pores. The being has a complex circulatory system, with a heart located in each body segment. Alongside the being's digestive tract is an internal siphon system, originally used by the Mesklinite's remote ancestors for sw... the merged propulsion, and now used to pro... speech. The Mesklinite's voice has a ... frequency range—from very low to wh... mans consider ultrasonic—and can be e... ly loud.

Habitat: The planet Ishtar circles the star Bel. Bel is a member of the three-sun system of Anubelea, and once every thousand years Ishtar's orbit brings it very near one of Bel's companion stars. The resulting increase in stellar radiation causes a terrible rise in the temperature of Ishtar, bringing drought, famine, and finally burning off most of the vegetation. The Ishtarians call this "Fire Time."

Culture: Long life spans, coupled with the thousand-year cycles of building and destruction caused by the Fire Time, have left the Ishtarians at a comparatively low level of technology, despite their inventive and flexible minds.

Habitat: The planet Mesklin orbits a double sun, Belne and Essies, requiring 4.8 Earth years for a complete orbit. Mesklin makes a complete rotation on its axis once every eighteen minutes. The tremendous forces generated by this rate of rotation have flattened Mesklin into a lozenge shape. 76,800 kilometers in diameter at the equator, and slightly less than 32,000 kilometers along the axis from pole to pole.

Because of the axis's unusual shape, the gravitational force on the planet varies widely between the poles and the equator, ranging from 3 to 700 times greater than the Earth's normal gravitational force.

MESKLINITE

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

HM #1 APRIL, 1977 With Space Punks the first chapters of Corben's Den and Bode's Sunpot an excerpt from the best-selling fantasy novel *The Sword of Shannara* Harzak and more ($5.00)

HM #2 MAY, 1977 Introducing Roger the paranoid puppet Virgo the cosmic maiden Russian astronauts Conquering Armies the ultimate rock festival while Harzak Sunpot and Den continue ($4.00)

HM #3 JUNE, 1977 Features *Night Images* poetry by Conan's creator Robert E. Howard with illustrations by Corben Macedo's Rocktober the highly praised Shelfs the first chapter of Dave's World Apart more Den Sunpot and Harzak ($3.00)

HM #4 JULY 1977 Is a must for Moebius fans with 12 pages of Harzak and 5 stories by Jean Giraud The Long Tomorrow also the end of Sunpot further adventures of Den the psychic Nep Sumo and the horrible Gold Queen ($3.00)

HM #5. AUGUST, 1977 In which the saga of Polonius begins The Long Tomorrow concludes World Apart and Den continue in a midst talking plants, samurai puppets sex, and violence ($3.00)

HM #6 SEPTEMBER 1977 Galactic Aztecs cosmic cowboys hysterical shlubbery chemically induced sanity a Moebius space opera more World Apart Den and Polonius plus a Roger Zelazny short story ($3.00)

HM #7 OCTOBER, 1977· Packed with knights ladies of pitch insanity recanimation and other harmless pastimes 10 pages of color Moebius the Airtight Garage Den and Polonius redux and fiction by Theodore Sturgeon ($3.00)

HM #8 NOVEMBER, 1977 With nine color pages by Moebius and Rebolu The concussion of both Polonius and World Apart explode Moebius' birthday with Silver and a visit from new Harlan Ellison story The heavens *Heavy Metal* yet! $3.00)

HM #9 DECEMBER, 1977 This time went up to 104 pages to bring you the complete saga of Druillet's anti-hero Vuzz a chapter from *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* and Fortune's Fool by Chaykin and Wein in addition to full-color comic buttons from regulars Corben Macedo Cavelcus and Moebius ($3.00)

HM #10 JANUARY 1978 We got Morrow to illustrate Zelazny we got Lob and Pichard to update Jlysses we got Meehan to do a *Heavy Metal* calendar girl we concluded Conquering Armies and continued Den Of course you knew about the Incas log lights and the time warp ($3.00)

HM #11 FEBRUARY 1978 Where it began the new adventures of Barbarella naked to her enemies and nude to her friends and of Urm the Fool in his quest for revenge Wraparound cover and center spread by Nino A trip to Venus the Crusader and the Witch and Moebius down the rabbit hole With the usual unusual like Den ($3.00)

HM #12 MARCH, 1978 In which we learn the evils of witch hunts and the perils of witchcraft the problems of mass transit and the dangers of hitchhiking Plus the first swashbuckling episode of Orion More Barbarella More Urm And still more Den ($3.00)

HM #13 APRIL 1978 Big deal first anniversary issue with 30-page insert from Paradise 9 by all concerned Also, amidst the rising must die death's dues and the undead Barbarella gives birth Oh and the final acrobatic epilogue to Den ($3.00)

HM #14, MAY, 1978 Does returning Mad locates El Dorado goes to pieces on a bicycle buys a carnival clock time-travels and cerebrally tap dances with Nino Not to mention Orion and Barbarella ($3.00)

HM #15/JUNE,1978 This time we go too far For instance the exotic new Corben Shahrazad the neurotic Evolution the ecstatic More Than Human the erotic Barbarella and the erratic Them Changes And an excerpt from Sabre and the origins of Heavy Metal $3.00)

HM #16 JULY, 1978. A happy ending to Barbara a sad ending to 1996 the resumption of Druillet's Gail the further adventures of Heavy Metal and Orion More Than Human concluded and another piece of the Arabian Nights tale from Corben ($3.00)

HM #17, AUGUST, 1978. Look Orion Corben's Arabian Nights Heavy Metal and the last More Than gets going again the Off-Season starts cannibal robots get newborn the right button ($3.00).

SOLD OUT

HM #18/SEPTEMBER, 1978. Starring Sinbad the Sailor Esoret Queen of the Bubble Women the Major's fiancee two off season detectives Arcane the Warrior Heilman Orion and Jane Soame on Gail Harlan Ellison's sewer full of babies Plus miscellaneous gags and wheezes ($3.00)

HM #19/OCTOBER, 1978 A Halloween breaks loose with an excerpt from Dawn of the Dead the puberty rites of dragons a zombie android called Exterminator Ellison's Glass Goblin illustrated and the onset of McKie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous Moreeer explosions of heroes Sindbad Gail and Orion ($3.00).

HM #20. NOVEMBER, 1978 A full 20 page excerpt from the Chaykin Delany *Empire* while Sindbad's dragon explodes the Exterminator escapes Sloane makes war the Sad Man's daughters Grubert arrives too late and Heilman's reborn for the first time So Beautiful and So Dangerous part two and more Dabbica Planet ($3.00)

HM #21/DECEMBER 1978 Putting the Easter bunny back into Xmas and wrapping up Orion and Off Season with sinister Tarot greeting cards wreaths and wraiths creches crashes and a prezzy for you—a 12 page Moebius murder yarn ($3.00)

HM #22 JANUARY, 1979 This one is full of elephants for some reason Plus our first Trina and a pinup and Gail's shoot-em-up finale Some decapitation a space siren and the android takes over the set Plus More McKie Art Corben Whatlaya want? ($3.00)

HM #23 FEBRUARY, 1979 Our February fantasies feature the cover of the tale of the Star Queen We continue with Sindbad and McKie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous Mere Moebius and Blair Macedo brings us chapter four of their Metabolis and their pulp derring-do and Geographic There's the story of a star nosed mole and much much more $3.00)

HM #24/MARCH, 1979 Twenty pages of Chaykin's illustrated *Stars My Destination* features a punk rumble android birthing bits Star Crown II and Edison's alternate show Also Sindbad and supersize ($3.00)

HM #25 APRIL 1979 Second birthday bash with Chaykin's great new Gideon Faust tale an *Alien* portfolio Va Mayenne's Time Out the first chapter of Pylocin Idol by Arthur Cover ghoulish robot miscegenation and other goodies for you ($3.00)

HM #26 /MAY 1979 The almost all American issue with fifteen stateside entries including part one of The Jaguar and Alex the complete Entropics a new Gray Morrow and more of Corben's Sindbad Den Epic Illustrated and a Druillet short ($3.00)

HM #27. JUNE 1979 From the guys who brought you the pompadour Charles De Gaulle and fetish stockings we proudly present 64 pages of the wild and wacky adventures of Captain Future Plus The second episode of the illustrated Alien McKie's psychic wasp of Mick Jagger in the year 2000 Pylocin II (not to be confused with *Jaws II* and *Pippi Longstocking Meets the Werewolf*) and as the final episode of So Beautiful and So Dangerous (Wally we hardly knew yet) $3.00)

HM #28/JULY, 1979: Vaughn Bode's Cookie Commies Mayenne's Light Beings and Moebius's Garage continue their fun and fanciful game of the Lord Shiva's New Tales of the Arabian Nights Guest appearances include Bea Abrams Finger Pie Jolly Green Head and Corben and Courtney's Night on Bald Mountain Bravo Bravo $3.00

HM #29/AUGUST, 1979 We lend ourselves with all these Americans doing weird European stuff—*mon dieu!!* Mayenne takes the story of how the world came to be one step further Suydam's sailors sell a vegged-out house of ill repute and the space adventures of Morris White come to an end Plus sky surfing Cazal's New Ark City and ah a meeting of civilizations is exposed in Koloed's Galactic Geographic ($3.00)

HM #30/SEPTEMBER, 1979: Goofy creatures galore Elwa Kenneth Smith's dinosaur weirdness and Little Red V 3 (a hardware-style Red Riding Hood) Elric and Buck Rogers make cameo appearances Out-of-the-world stories by Norman Spinrad and Richard Monaco plus more Mortellier and Moebius $3.00

HM #31/OCTOBER, 1979: In celebration of Halloween a tribute to H.P. Lovecraft A veritable cauldron of ghouls and bugaboos from Moebius Druillet Suydam and others Plus hobgoblins bogies and villainous never-do-wells Guaranteed to ruffle them feathers $3.00

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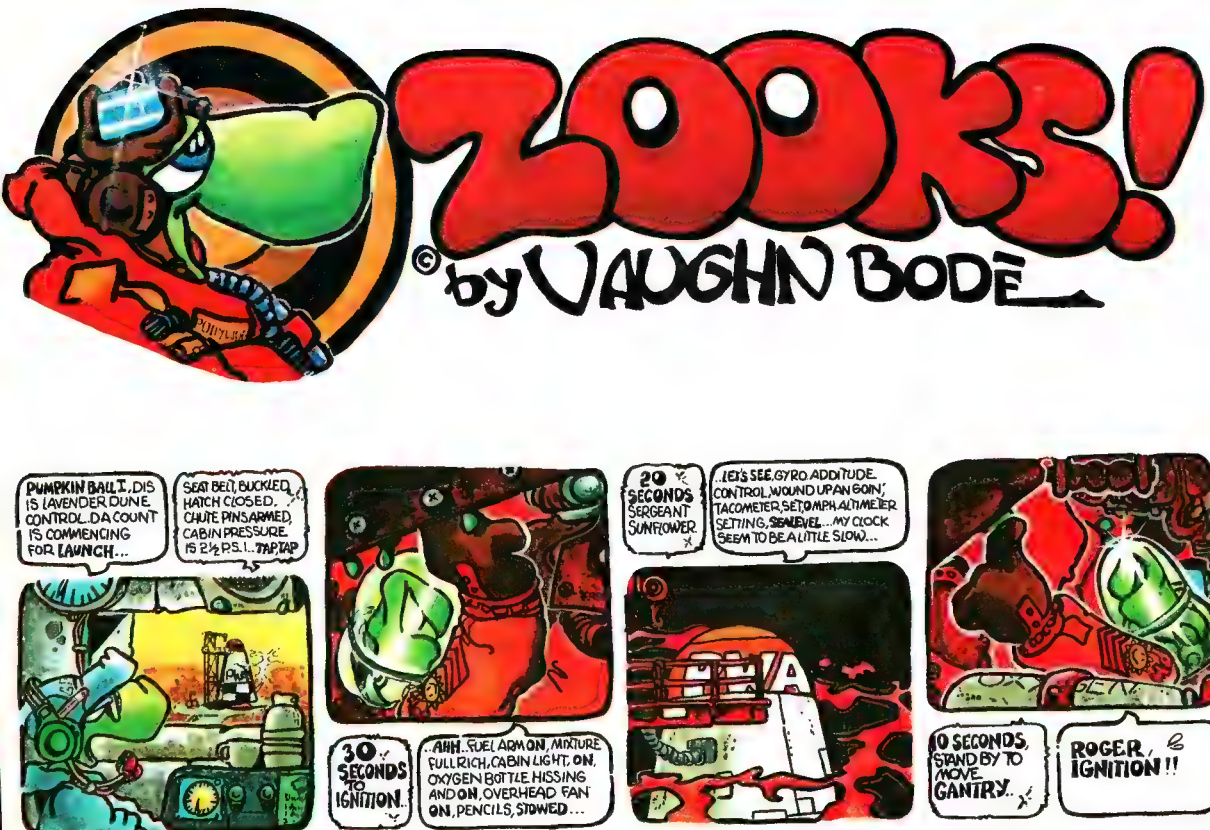
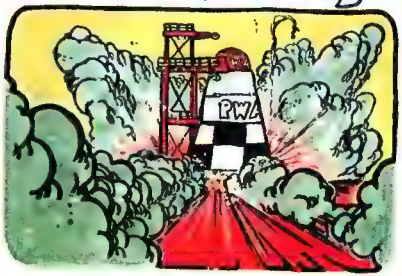

ZOOKS!
©by VAUGHN BODE
PUMPKIN BALL I...DIS IS LAVENDER DUNE CONTROL...DA COUNT IS COMMENCING FOR LAUNCH...
SEAT BELT, BUCKLED. HATCH CLOSED. CHUTE PINS ARMED. CABIN PRESSURE IS 2½ P.S.I...TAP, TAP
30 SECONDS TO IGNITION..
...AHH...FUEL ARM ON, MIXTURE FULL RICH, CABIN LIGHT, ON, OXYGEN BOTTLE HISSING AND ON, OVERHEAD FAN ON, PENCILS, STOWED...
20 SECONDS SERGEANT SUNFLOWER
...LET'S SEE, GYRO, ADDITUDE CONTROL, WOUND UP AN GOIN', TACOMETER, SET, 0 MPH, ALTIMETER SETTING, SEALEVEL...MY CLOCK SEEM TO BE A LITTLE SLOW...
10 SECONDS, STAND BY TO MOVE GANTRY..
ROGER, IGNITION!!

9..
8..
7..

KUNK!

YAHOO, I HAS IGNITION!



SHUT IT DOWN! YOU LAME BRAIN TOAD, WE HAVEN'T FINISHED DA COUNT! WE GOT TO MOVE DA GANTRY BACK YET!!

HEY, DON'T YELL OR I'LL QUIT! I TOLD YOUSE I WAS NERVOUS, I GOT A TIC IN MY TRIGGER FINGER... DO WE ABORT?..

©'77 VAUGHN BODE

YES, WE COULD HAVE ABORTED TODAY, BUT DA GANTRY JUST FELL OVER, SO WE MIGHTS WELL RESUME DA COUNT..

SOMEBODY CAN ALWAYS TOSS ME A ROPE TO CLIMB DOWN AN THEN I CAN GO HOME...

SGT. SUNFLOWER, YOUSE HAS GONE AN SCREWED UP OUR WHOLE COUNTDOWN BY IGNITING TOO SOON, SO, THA DOC SAYS JUST TO GO AHEAD AN GO ON UP.

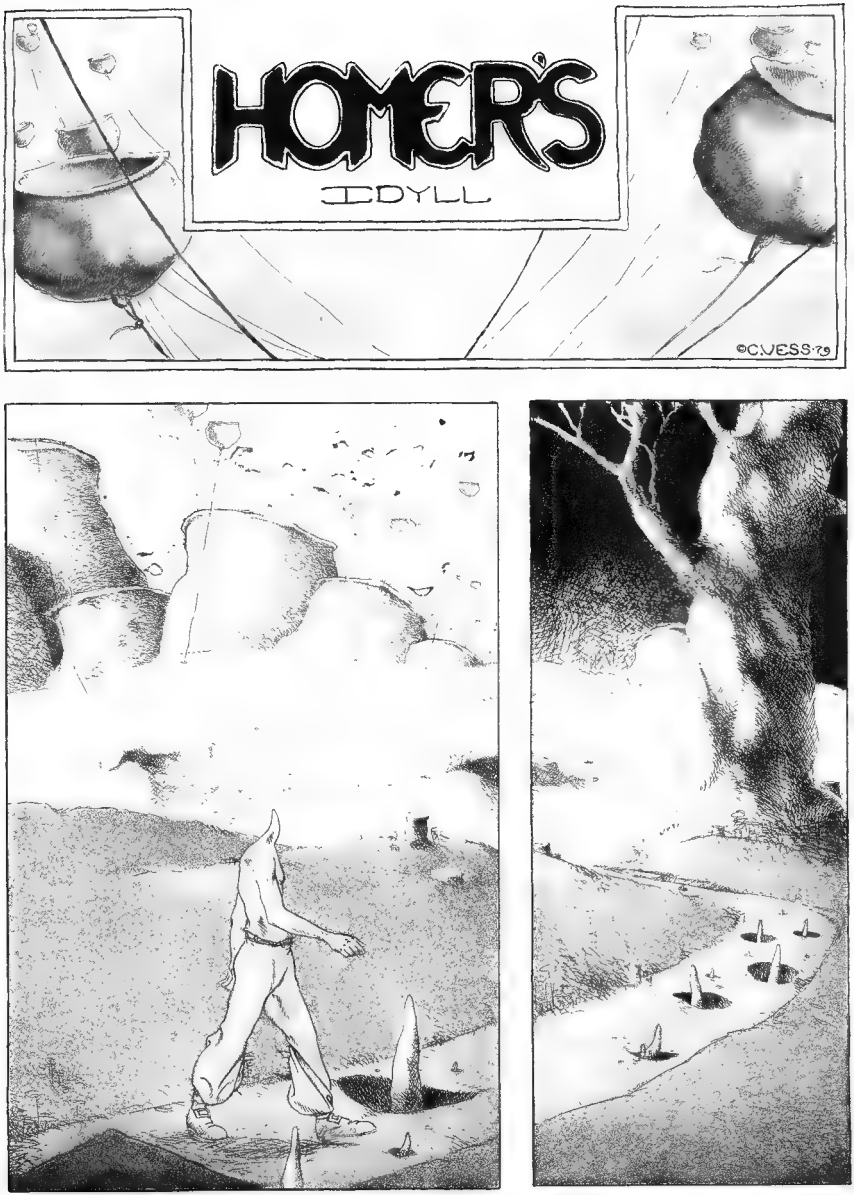
OKAY SOURPUSSES, 1, 2, 3, GO!

KUNK!

WE HAVE LIFTOFF AT 10:32 AM, ROLL PROGRAM PROCEEDING ALONG ALMOST NORMALLY.... SIGH

MAN, THE G FORCES IS MOOSHIN' MY FLAPPY MOUTH PARTS ALL OVER MY FACE PLATE!

TO BE CONTINUED...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IDYLL
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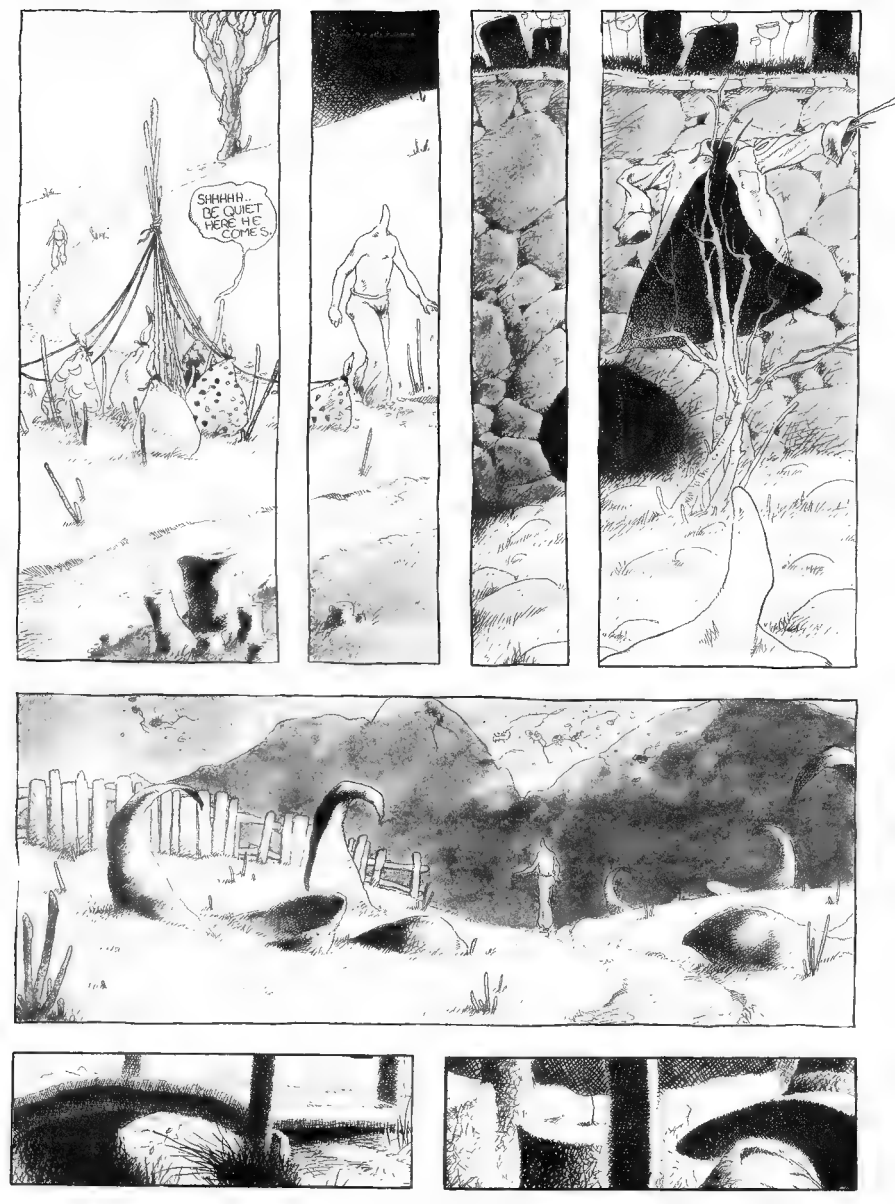
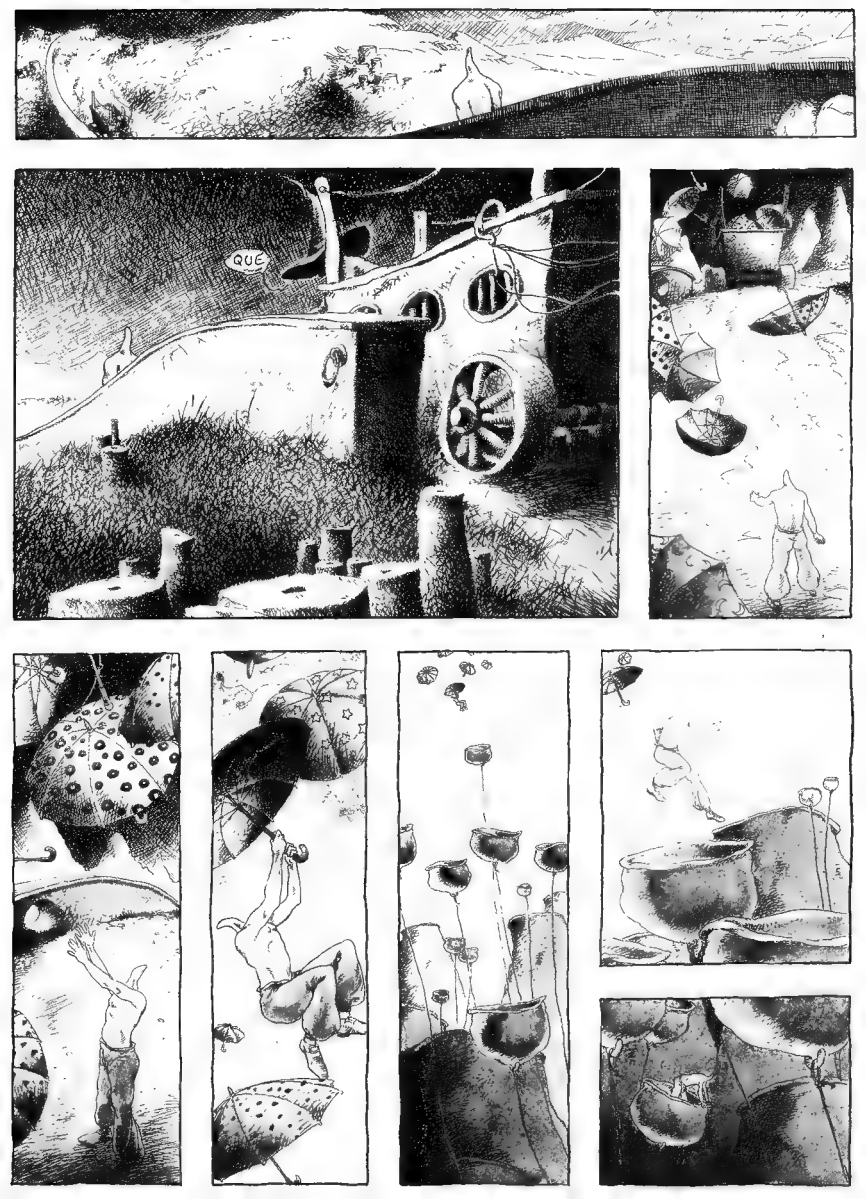

SHHHH.. BE QUIET HERE HE COMES.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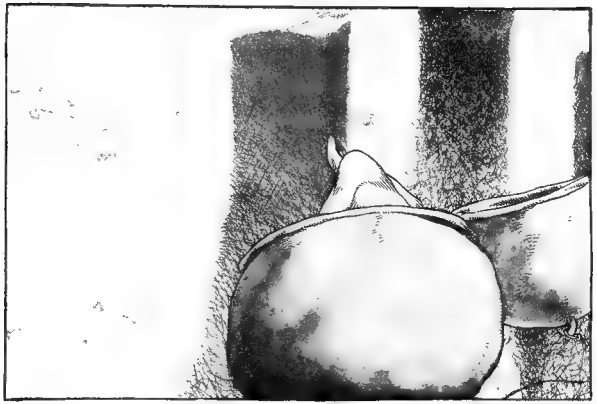
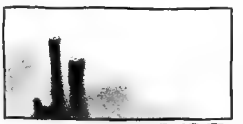




·END·

LIFE ON A VIRGIN COMET

The barren, icy world of the comet is the only known home of the Therm-trap, a meter-sized living "greenhouse" containing a community of diverse organisms who live in perfect ecological balance, feeding on the comet's basic ingredient—water.

Comet Stubbs is called a virgin comet because it has never formed a "tail" by passing close to the stars it orbits. It is orbiting two stars, Sol and Alpha C., and is a permanent traveler in the vast, dark regions of interstellar space. Despite its isolation, Stubbs's shattered surface and tiny moon testify to a past collision with another comet, an unimaginably rare occurrence.

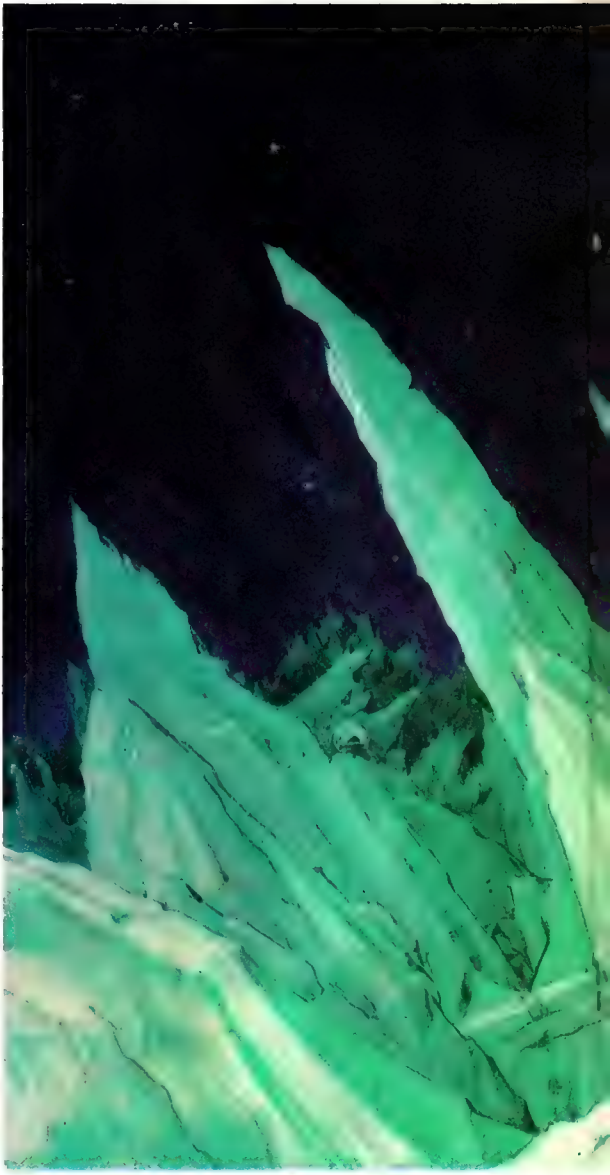
This comet is named for its discoverer, Dr. Harold Stubbs—H.C. Earth—who has discovered over 2,000 comets, with detection gear of his own design. The hard-to-find comets hold something of great value to space mechanics—the Therm-trap. It produces a waste product that remains fluid in the cold of space, and therefore is an ideal lubricant for machines used in space or other supercool environments. Also discovered by Dr. Stubbs, the Therm-trap is a system of animals whose center is an odd creature that supports a lenslike organ. It keeps this moving "eye" focused on the brightest light in the sky, continually absorbing energy.

This "world in a bubble" has an apparent food chain of greater and lesser animals, a hanging "garden," a pond that teems with life, and a mineral base that insulates the globe from the ice on which it rests.

The Therm-trap's overall system is delicate and slow, producing less than two grams of lubricant each Earth year. It seems also to have a tenuous grasp on life, slipping easily into long periods of dormancy. Such periods are triggered by loss of light and seem to be a natural defense against total destruction. If too much lubricant is removed from the base of the bubble, or if the system is disturbed in any way, dormancy will occur. For this reason, the origin and functions of the Therm-trap remain a mystery to frustrated biologists who study them only from safe distances

Since a survey of Comet Stubbs, which is large by cometary standards, revealed only seventy-four nondormant Therm-traps, chemists in four star systems are trying to formulate a synthetic substitute for the lubricant Until it is found, the Therm-trap will be the object of comet hunts throughout the galaxy.

From the *Stellar Journals of Karl B. Kofoed*



shelter — chantal montellier

IT'S WEIRD USING A COMMUNAL BATHROOM...I HAVEN'T DONE IT SINCE COLLEGE...
OH, I'M USED TO IT...SINCE I TAKE ALL MY ANNUAL HOLIDAYS AT CLUB MED!
ANYWAY, EVERYTHING WORKS BETTER IN A COMMUNAL SETUP... THEY CERTAINLY SEEM TO HAVE ARRANGED FOR EVERYTHING!

YES: I'VE ALREADY GOT MY CLOTHES!
ME, TOO... FORTUNATELY, BECAUSE MY HUSBAND AND I WERE ON OUR WAY TO DINE WITH FRIENDS, SO WE FOUND OURSELVES IN EVENING WEAR. ALEX LOOKED LIKE A HEAD WAITER!
THAT WAS HIS JOB!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT... BESIDES, IT DOESN'T MATTER ANYMORE: SO...WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I'M WORKING IN THE LIBRARY!
AH...THAT'S NICE! I'LL HAVE TO COME SEE YOU...I LOVE TO READ, BUT I NEVER HAD ANY TIME BEFORE...

WHAT A STRANGE SENSATION...BRAND NEW CLOTHES THAT I HAVEN'T PAID FOR...IT'S A LITTLE AS IF...I HAD STOLEN THEM...
OH?
YES...IT'S PRETTY PECULIAR... EVERYTHING BEING FREE...AND SHARED EQUALLY...EACH ACCORDING TO HIS NEEDS, IN A WAY!...IT'S ALL PRETTY HILARIOUS!
NOT PAYING FOR FOOD... NOT PAYING FOR CLOTHES... NOT PAYING FOR THE MOVIES...I'M ALWAYS ABOUT TO REACH INTO MY POCKET FOR SOME MONEY... IT'S FUNNY, REALLY!
..IN OTHER WORDS...THIS COULD BE HAPPINESS!
YES, THIS COULD BE IT!
17

THIS COULD BE IT!
WHAT HAPPENS IF I DON'T FINISH IT BY THE END OF THE WEEK?
WELL, THEN YOU BRING ME BACK THE BOOK, AND I'LL RENEW IT FOR ANOTHER WEEK!
Stayin alive
HELLO, WE WANT TO TAKE OUT SOME BOOKS...
YES...ARE YOU MEMBERS?
NO, NOT YET!
...WELL! I'LL GIVE YOU A CARD TO FILL OUT
OK. MY NUMBER IS S.46, AND MY BUDDY'S IS S.17.
YEAH...S.17..
...SO YOU ARE PART OF THE SECURITY FORCE...YOU MUST KNOW S.21...S.30...AND S.07?
YEAH, MAYBE WE DO!
WELL, IF YOU SEE THEM, COULD YOU ASK THEM TO COME IN? THEY'RE VERY LATE RETURNING THE BOOKS THEY BORROWED.
...OK...WE'LL TELL THEM IF WE SEE THEM...THIS IS THE LIST, SEE, THAT WE CHOSE!
...BUT...YOU CAN ONLY TAKE OUT FIVE BOOKS AT A TIME...
I KNOW...BUT SINCE WE'RE TWO, THAT ADDS UP TO TEN, DOESN'T IT?
ADDS UP TO TEN...
MEMOIRE

SO THEY LEFT WITH THEIR TEN BOOKS!
YOU FIGURE IT OUT!
WHAT IS THERE TO FIGURE OUT? I DON'T SEE ANY PROBLEM!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
WHAT DO I MEAN?...WELL, I WAS JUST THINKING THAT I'LL NEVER SEE THOSE BOOKS AGAIN!...NOR THE ONES THAT THEIR COLLEAGUES BORROWED THREE WEEKS AGO!
...WHAT WOULD MAKE YOU THINK THAT?
I DON'T KNOW, EXACTLY ..OR RATHER...WHAT I THINK IS..
HEY! GET GOIN'
147
NUMBER 147...
NEXT!
NUMBER 301...
NEXT!
SO?
SO ..I KNOW VERY WELL THAT TO HAVE THE MANNER OR WAYS OF INTELLECTUALS...
...AND THEY ONLY BORROWED PHILOSOPHY AND POLITICAL TEXTBOOKS.
19

SO WHAT?...I DON'T GET IT... SURELY THEY HAVE THE RIGHT..
SURE, THEY CERTAINLY HAVE THE RIGHT...IT'S JUST THAT THOSE BOOKS WEREN'T THE KIND THEY'D RELATE TO...
AND BESIDES, THEY CAME IN WITH A LIST. AND WHAT'S MORE, A TYPED LIST!
IT'S OBVIOUS, ISN'T IT?
BUT YOU DON'T THINK THAT...
SSHHH!... NOT SO LOUD!
!?! NO... IT'S IMPOSSIBLE.. HOW DO YOU EXPECT THEM TO...NO...I.. DON'T YOU THINK THAT YOU'RE GETTING A BIT CARRIED AWAY?
NO!...I REALLY DON'T THINK SO! IN MY OPINION, THE ADMINISTRATION IS BEHIND THE WHOLE THING!
WELL...GRANTING THAT YOU'RE RIGHT, WHY WOULD THEY DO A THING LIKE THAT? WHAT USE COULD THEY HAVE FOR THOSE BOOKS?
NO...I THINK WE'RE ON THE WRONG TRACK!
I THINK THEY'RE JUST IN THE PROCESS OF ELIMINATING CERTAIN BOOKS FROM THE LIBRARY... WHAT THEY'RE DOING IS PREPARING FOR A BOOK BURNING!
A BOOK BURNING WITHOUT FIRE!
20

TO BE CONTINUED...

ELRIC

ELRIC LIFTED THE HUGE BLADE EASILY AND ADMIRING ITS ALIEN BEAUTY, SAID, "STORMBRINGER."
AND THE SWORD SETTLED EVEN MORE SMOOTHLY INTO HIS GRASP. "STORMBRINGER," YELLED ELRIC AS HE LEAPT AT HIS COUSIN.
AND NOW PRINCE YYRKOON'S CRY COULD BE HEARD ABOVE THE THRUM OF THE SWORD VOICES. . . "MOURNBLADE!" AND MOURNBLADE CAME UP TO MEET STORMBRINGER'S EVERY BLOW.
AND THEN ELRIC FELT AFRAID. IT WAS SUDDENLY AS IF HE HAD BEEN BORN AGAIN AND THAT THIS RUNESWORD WAS BORN WITH HIM. IT WAS AS IF THEY HAD NEVER BEEN SEPARATE.
AND HE WAS FULL OF FEAR—SO FULL OF FEAR. AND THE FEAR BROUGHT A WILD DELIGHT—A DEMONIC NEED TO FIGHT AND KILL HIS COUSIN, TO SINK THE BLADE DEEP INTO YYRKOON'S HEART, TO TAKE VENGEANCE, TO SPILL BLOOD, TO SEND A SOUL TO HELL!

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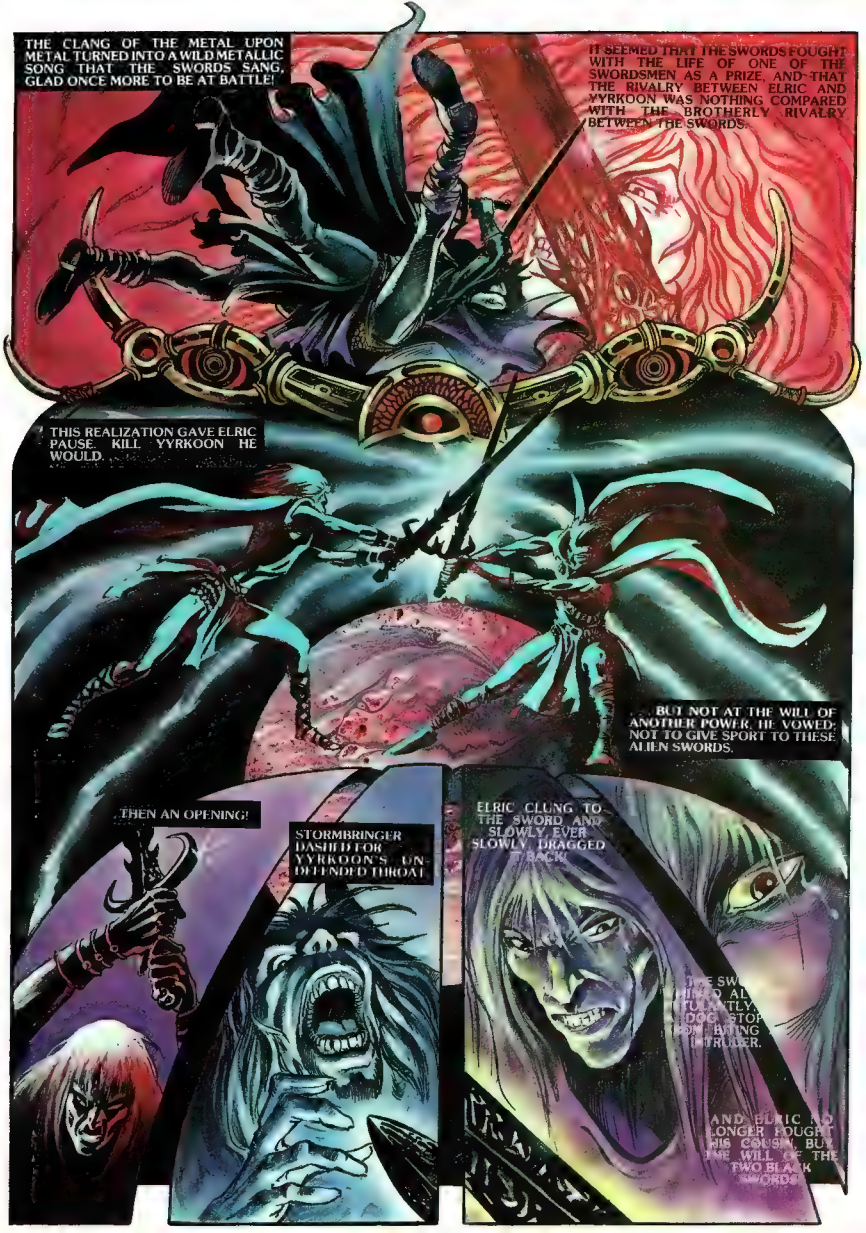
COPYRIGHT © 1972 MICHAEL MOORCOCK.


THE CLANG OF THE METAL UPON METAL TURNED INTO A WILD METALLIC SONG THAT THE SWORDS SANG, GLAD ONCE MORE TO BE AT BATTLE!
IT SEEMED THAT THE SWORDS FOUGHT WITH THE LIFE OF ONE OF THE SWORDSMEN AS A PRIZE, AND THAT THE RIVALRY BETWEEN ELRIC AND YYRKOON WAS NOTHING COMPARED WITH THE BROTHERLY RIVALRY BETWEEN THE SWORDS.
THIS REALIZATION GAVE ELRIC PAUSE. KILL YYRKOON HE WOULD.
BUT NOT AT THE WILL OF ANOTHER POWER, HE VOWED: NOT TO GIVE SPORT TO THESE ALIEN SWORDS.
THEN AN OPENING!
STORMBRINGER DASHED FOR YYRKOON'S UN-DEFENDED THROAT
ELRIC CLUNG TO THE SWORD AND SLOWLY, EVER SLOWLY, DRAGGED IT BACK!
THE SW
HELD AL
FULLY
DOG STOP
FROM BITING
INTRUDER.
AND ELRIC NO LONGER FOUGHT HIS COUSIN, BUT THE WILL OF THE TWO BLACK SWORDS

"I'LL NOT BE YOUR PUPPET RUNEBLADE. IF WE MUST BE UNITED, LET IT BE UPON A PROPER UNDERSTANDING."
STORMBRINGER SEEMED TO HESITATE, TO DROP ITS GUARD, AND ELRIC WAS HARD PUT TO DEFEND HIMSELF AGAINST THE WHIRLING ATTACK OF MOURNBLADE.
THEN ELRIC FELT FRESH ENERGY POUR UP HIS RIGHT ARM. THIS WAS WHAT THE SWORD COULD DO WITH IT. HE NEEDED NO DRUGS. HE WOULD NEVER BE WEAK AGAIN.
AND WHAT MUST THE SWORD HAVE IN RETURN? ELRIC KNEW. THE SWORD TOLD HIM. STORMBRINGER NEEDED TO FEED. IT NEEDED TO KILL. FOR THAT WAS ITS SOURCE OF ENERGY. THE LIVES AND SOULS OF MEN, DEMONS, EVEN GODS.
ELRIC SAW THE SWORD
"YOU SHALL NOT BE MY MASTER! NO, I WILL NOT SLAY HIM FOR YOU."
AT THIS THE SWORD SEEMED TO UNDERSTAND. AND BECAME QUIETER, AS IF RECONCILED. AND NOW, ELRIC THOUGHT, THE SWORD WOULD DO HIS BIDDING.
"WE SHALL DISARM YYRKOON ONLY THAT."
THEY STRUCK YYRKOON'S SWORD ARM, PIERCING IT TO THE BONE. YYRKOON SCREAMED AND LOST HIS GRIP ON MOURNBLADE.

MOURNBLADE FELL AGAINST THE WALL OF THE PULSING CAVERN. A GROAN SEEMED TO ESCAPE THE DEFEATED RUNESWORD, THEN A HIGH PITCHED SHRIEK, AND BLACKNESS FILLED THE CAVERN. WHEN THE LIGHT RETURNED, ELRIC SAW THAT A SCABBARD HAD APPEARED. YYRKOON WAS SOBBING, HIS EYES DARTING ABOUT, SEEKING MOURNBLADE. BUT THE RUNEBLADE HAD VANISHED.
"WE ARE VICTIMS, COUSIN, OF A CONSPIRACY— A GAME PLAYED BY GODS, DEMONS, AND SENTIENT SWORDS. THEY WISH ONE OF US DEAD. I SUSPECT THEY WISH YOU DEAD MORE THAN ME. AND THAT IS WHY I SHALL NOT SLAY YOU HERE."
STORMBRINGER TREMBLED, AS IF THIRSTY FOR YYRKOON'S SOUL. THEN ELRIC LOOKED, NOT WITHOUT SYMPATHY, UPON THE CREATURE THAT WAS HIS COUSIN.
"YOU ARE A WORM, YYRKOON, BUT IS THAT YOUR FAULT? I WONDER... IF YOU HAD ALL YOU DESIRE, WOULD YOU CEASE TO BE A WORM?"
"DO NOT SLAY ME, ELRIC NOT WITH THAT BLADE! I WILL DO ANYTHING, ANY OTHER WAY!"
YYRKOON WAS PUZZLED, BUT A LITTLE HOPE BEGAN TO GLOW IN HIS EYES.
"WELL, WE SHALL SEE, I SUPPOSE."
"ANYWAY, YOU MUST AGREE TO WAKE CYMORIL FROM HER SORCEROUS SLUMBER."

"YOU HAVE RUMBLED ME, ELRIC. I WILL WAKE HER. . . EXCEPT THAT YOU CANNOT ESCAPE THIS PULSING CAVERN. IS THAT NOT SO, ELRIC?"
"OR DO YOU KEEP THE ENTRANCE OPEN FOR A LITTLE WHILE, IT WILL ALLOW ANYONE WHO DARES TO ENTER. BUT YOU MAY YET NOT JOIN FOUR AFTER THE POWER OF THE SPELL"
ELRIC WENT OVER TO THE NEW CONSUMED ENTRANCE AND PEERED THROUGH TO SEE RACKHIR, STILL ON THE OTHER SIDE.
"IT SEEMS THAT YOU CAN JOIN US, RACKHIR, OR GO BACK. IF YOU DO, I WILL LET YOU SHARE OUR
"IT IS NOT TRUE IF I DO GO BACK, I'LL CO
"WE HAVE ONE CHANCE. I MUST INVOKE MY PATRON."
"SO ARIOCH MUST BE SUMMONED, EH? WELL, HE WILL DOUBTLESS DESTROY ME."
"NO, FRIEND, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO STRIKE A BARGAIN WITH HIM. IT WILL ALSO TEST SOMETHING."
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
BUT ELRIC SAID NOTHING.

ELRIC ADJUSTED HIS MIND. HE SENT IT OUT THROUGH VAST SPACES, AND HE CRIED: "ARIOCH! ARIOCH! AID ME, ARIOCH!"
SOMETHING SHIFTED IN THE PLACES WHERE HIS MIND WAS. HE KNEW ARIOCH HAD HEARD HIM.
RAGKHIR GAVE A HORRIFIED YELL. YRKOON SCREAMED. ELRIC TURNED AND SAW SOMETHING DISGUSTING HAD APPEARED. IT WAS LORD ARIOCH'S TRUE SHAPE. HOW COULD IT BE?
BUT THEN THE SHAPE DISAPPEARED AND A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG MAN WITH ANCIENT EYES STOOD LOOKING AT THE THREE MORTALS.
"YOU HAVE WON THE SWORD, ELRIC. I CONGRATULATE YOU. BUT WHAT IS THIS LITTLE TRAITOR DOING WITH YOU?"
"RACKHIR IS MY FRIEND AND SHALL GO WITH US WHEN WE LEAVE, OR NONE OF US SHALL LEAVE."
"THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE. RACKHIR IS PUNISHED IN EXILE HERE."
"THEN I WILL NOT TAKE THE SWORD WITH ME."
"YOU MUST TAKE THE SWORD. IT IS YOUR DESTINY."
"SO YOU SAY, BUT I NOW KNOW THAT THE SWORD MAY ONLY BE BORNE BY ME. YOU CANNOT BEAR IT OUT OF THIS PLACE, OR YOU WOULD HAVE DONE SO ALREADY."
"YOU ARE CLEVER, ELRIC OF MELNIBONE. VERY WELL. THAT TRAITOR MAY GO WITH YOU."

"THEN TAKE US FROM THIS PLACE."
"WHERE TO?"
"WHY, TO MELNIBONE, IF YOU PLEASE."
WITH A SMILE THAT WAS ALMOST TENDER, ARIOCH LOOKED DOWN ON ELRIC.
"OH, YOU ARE SURELY THE SWEETEST OF ALL MY SLAVES."
ARIOCH HAD GROWN TO ITS ORIGINAL SIZE, AND THERE WAS WHIRLING. THERE WAS A SOUND LIKE THE ROAR OF THE SEA AND A DREADFUL
AND THREE WEARY MEN STOOD ON THE FLOOR OF THE THRONE ROOM IN IMRRYR. YYRKOON AND ELRIC STOOD, STARING INTO EACH OTHER'S EYES, THEN ELRIC LAUGHED.
"IT IS LIKE A MARKETPLACE. SO MANY BARGAINS," REMARKED RACKHIR.
"NOW YOU MUST FULFILL YOUR PROMISES TO ME, COUSIN. THEN I HAVE A PROPOSITION TO PUT TO YOU."

YYRKOON STRIPPED BARE FROM HIS SISTER'S BED. HE WAS WORN AND THERE WAS NO SPIRIT IN HIM.
"IT IS DONE . . . WITH YARN IN A MOMENT."
ERIC, TOO, BATHED AND STARING INTO THE FIRE. HE WAS TROUBLED BY THE TERRIBLE DREAMS THAT HAD AFFECTED YYRKOON. A TERRIBLE DREAM OF KILLING HER.
BUT THEN HER EYES OPENED AND SHE SAW HIM AND CRIED
"ELRIC! THE DREAMS. . . ARE YOU SAFE?"
"I AM SAFE, AND YYRKOON IS CHANGED NOW. I DEFEATED HIM. HE NO LONGER LUSTS TO USURP ME."
"YOU ARE MERCIFUL, ELRIC."
"NO. 'TIS MERE FELLOWSHIP. YYRKOON AND I ARE BOTH MORTAL AND BOTH PAWNS IN A LARGER GAME. LOYALTY MUST, FINALLY, BE TO MY OWN KIND-- AND THAT IS WHY I CEASED TO HATE YYRKOON."
"AND THAT IS MERCY BELOVED."
THERE WERE CELEBRATIONS IN MELNIBONE FOR A WEEK. NOW ALMOST ALL THE SHIPS AND MEN AND DRAGONS WERE HOME. AND ELRIC WAS HOME, HAVING PROVED HIS RIGHT TO RULE SO WELL THAT EVEN HIS STRANGE MERCY WAS ACCEPTED BY THE POPULACE.

ELRIC TOOK CYMORIL ASIDE AND TOLD HER HE WOULD TRAVEL TO THE YOUNG KINGDOMS AND SEE HOW OTHER NATIONS CONDUCTED THEIR AFFAIRS, TO DISCOVER WHAT PART MELNIBONE AND ITS EMPEROR PLAYED IN THIS UNCERTAIN WORLD.
"OH, ELRIC... WHY SPOIL THIS HAPPINESS?"
"BECAUSE I FEEL THAT THE HAPPINESS CANNOT LAST UNLESS WE KNOW IT IS COMPLETELY SAFE. WE ARE, WILL YOU ACCEPT MY MISSION MY LOVE?"
"IT IS FOR YOU TO DISCOVER ALONE... FOR ONCE I HAVE NO SUCH DESTINY AS MY MELNIBONEAN
"THEN YOU MUST RULE AS EMPRESS UNTIL I RETURN."
"NO, ELRIC! I CANNOT TAKE THAT RESPONSIBILITY."
"THEN IT MUST BE THE ONE WHO HAS ALWAYS WANTED TO RULE, YYRKOON! HE WILL HAVE HIS CHANCE TO PROVE HIMSELF."
"ELRIC, I LOVE YOU, BUT IF YOU DO THIS, YOU WILL DESTROY US BOTH."
"NO, I WILL BUILD SOMETHING BETTER. I AM MASTER OF THE RUNEBLADE NOW. YYRKOON RESPECTS MY POWER, AND WHEN I RETURN, WE SHALL MARRY AND LIVE LONG AND BE HAPPY."
AND NOW, ELRIC HAD TOLD THREE LIES: THE FIRST CONCERNED THE BLACK SWORD; THE SECOND, HIS COUSIN YYRKOON; THE THIRD, CYMORIL. AND UPON THOSE THREE LIES WAS ELRIC'S DESTINY TO BE BUILT!

THERE WAS A PORT CALLED MENII, WHICH WAS ONE OF THE HUMBLEST AND FRIENDLIEST OF THE PURPLE TOWNS. LIKE THE OTHERS ON THE ISLE, IT WAS BUILT MAINLY OF THE PURPLE STONE THAT GAVE THE TOWNS THEIR NAME. AND THERE WERE RED ROOFS ON THE HOUSES AND THERE WERE BRIGHT-SAILED BOATS OF ALL KINDS IN THE HARBOR AS ELRIC AND RACKHIR THE RED ARCHER CAME ASHORE IN THE EARLY MORNING, WHEN JUST A FEW SAILORS WERE BEGINNING TO MAKE THEIR WAY DOWN TO THEIR SHIPS.

"SO I MUST SEEK PEACE AND MYTHIC TANELORN," SAID RACKHIR, WITH A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF SELF-MOCKERY. HE STRETCHED AND YAWNED, AND THE BOW AND THE QUIVER DANCED ON HIS BACK.

ELRIC WAS DRESSED IN SIMPLE COSTUME THAT MIGHT HAVE MARKED ANY SOLDIER OF FORTUNE OF THE YOUNG KINGDOMS. HE LOOKED FIT AND RELAXED. HE SMILED INTO THE SUN THE ONLY REMARKABLE THING ABOUT HIS GARB WAS THE GREAT, BLACK RUNESWORD AT HIS SIDE SINCE HE HAD DONNED THE SWORD, HE HAD NEEDED NO DRUGS TO SUSTAIN HIM.

"AND I MUST SEEK KNOWLEDGE IN THE LANDS I FIND MARKED UPON MY MAP," SAID ELRIC. *"I MUST LEARN AND I MUST CARRY WHAT I LEARN BACK TO MELNIBONE AT THE END OF A YEAR. I WISH THAT CYMORIL HAD ACCOMPANIED ME, BUT I UNDERSTAND HER RELUCTANCE."*

"YOU WILL GO BACK?" RACKHIR SAID *"WHEN THE YEAR IS OVER?"*

"SHE WILL DRAW ME BACK!" ELRIC LAUGHED. *"MY ONLY FEAR IS THAT I WILL WEAKEN AND RETURN BEFORE MY QUEST IS FINISHED."*

"I SHOULD LIKE TO COME WITH YOU," SAID RACKHIR *"FOR I HAVE TRAVELED IN MOST LANDS AND WOULD BE AS GOOD A GUIDE AS I WAS IN THE NETHERWORLD. BUT I AM SWORN TO FIND TANELORN. FOR ALL I KNOW, IT DOES NOT REALLY EXIST."*

"I HOPE THAT YOU FIND IT, WARRIOR PRIEST OF PHUM," SAID ELRIC.

"AYE." RACKHIR LOOKED AT THE RUNESWORD HANGING ON ELRIC'S HIP. *"BUT YOU WOULD BE WISE TO TRUST NOTHING."*

ELRIC LAUGHED. *"FEAR NOT FOR ME, RACKHIR, FOR I AM MY OWN MASTER--FOR A YEAR AT LEAST. AND I AM MASTER OF THIS SWORD, NOW!"*

THE SWORD SEEMED TO STIR AT HIS SIDE, AND HE TOOK FIRM HOLD OF ITS GRIP AND SLAPPED RACKHIR ON THE BACK. AND HE LAUGHED AND SHOOK HIS WHITE HAIR SO THAT IT DRIFTED IN THE AIR AND HE LIFTED HIS STRANGE, RED EYES TO THE SKY AND HE SAID:

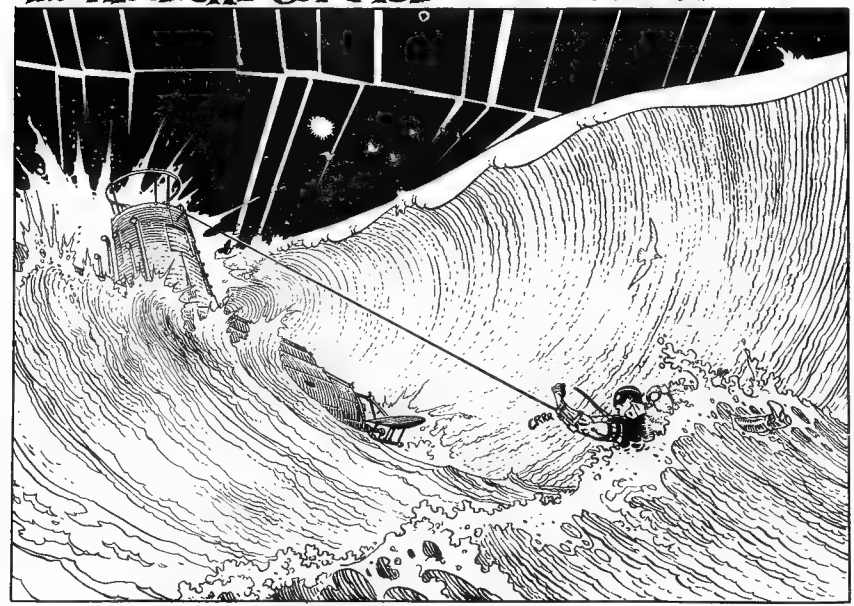
"I SHALL BE A NEW MAN WHEN I RETURN TO MELNIBONE."

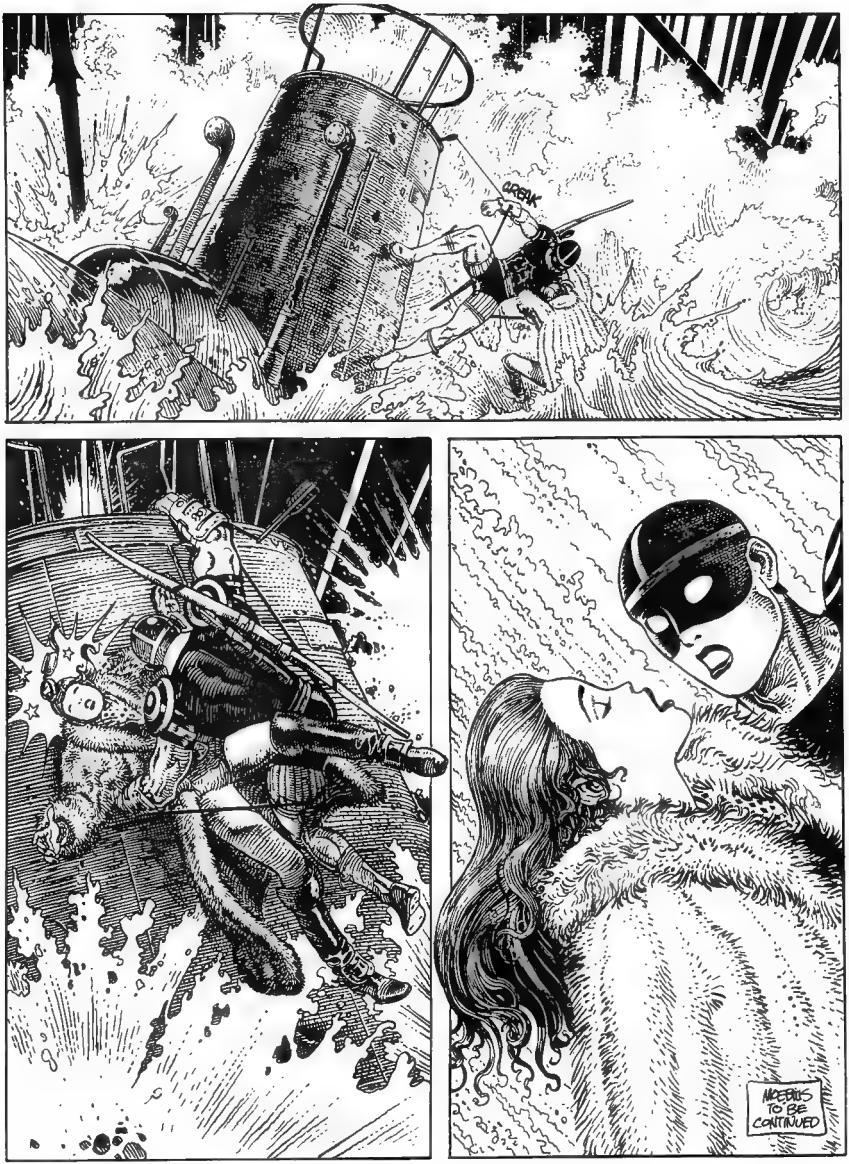
END

THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE

BY MOEBIUS

STORY SO FAR: SOMETHING NEVER SEEN BEFORE... AN ARROW FLYING TOWARD THE SUBMARINE...




CREAK
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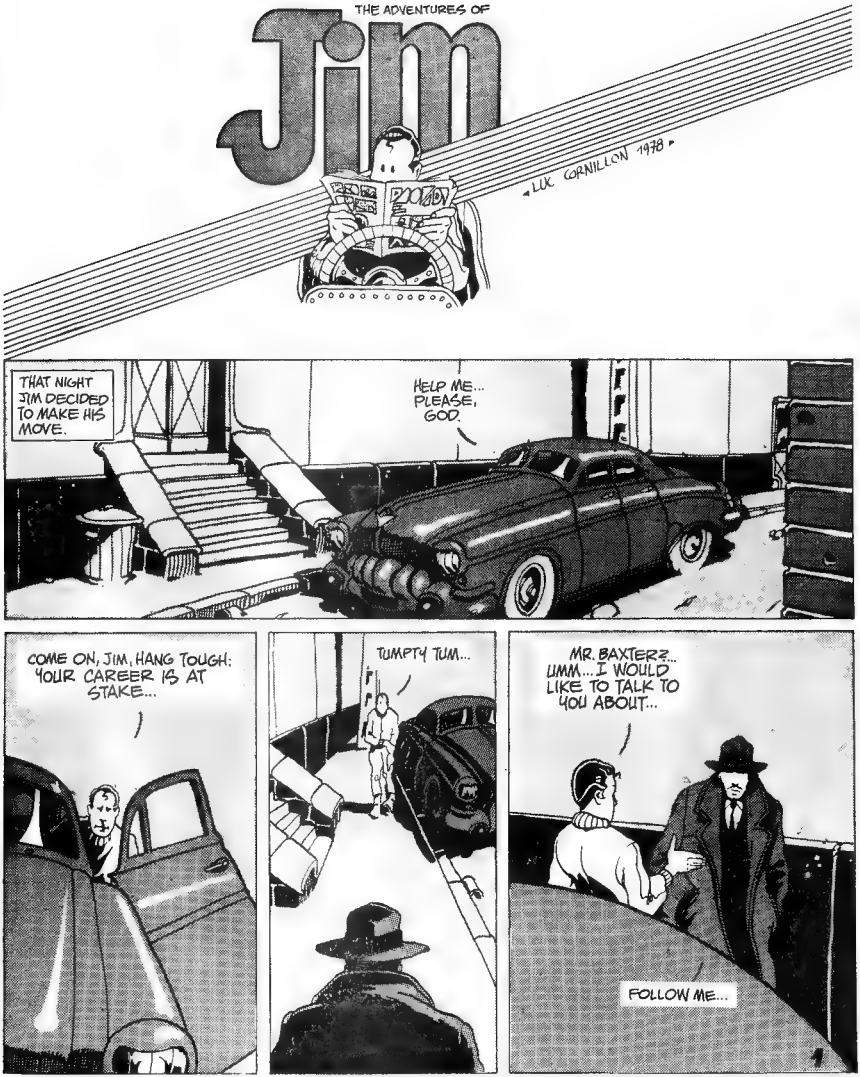
THE ADVENTURES OF
Jim
LUC CORNILLON 1978
THAT NIGHT JIM DECIDED TO MAKE HIS MOVE.
HELP ME... PLEASE, GOD.
COME ON, JIM, HANG TOUGH: YOUR CAREER IS AT STAKE...
TUMPTY TUM...
MR. BAXTER?... UMM... I WOULD LIKE TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT...
FOLLOW ME...

A LITTLE LATER, NOT TOO FAR AWAY, IN A BAR...
SO... WHAT IS IT, MY BOY?
WELL, MR. BAXTER, I'VE HEARD THAT YOU'RE ORGANIZING AN EXPEDITION INTO THE JUNGLE; AND ONCE I READ A STORY ABOUT EXPLORERS AND ALL THAT...
AND I WAS REALLY KNOCKED OUT BY IT, SO, YOU KNOW, I THINK I'D LIKE TO GO WITH YOU IF YOU'D TAKE ME... CAN I HAVE ANOTHER LEMONADE?
PLEASE SAY YES!... IF YOU WERE TO ACCEPT ME... IT WOULD BE SO GREAT FOR ME!...
YES, YES, I UNDERSTAND. YOU'RE JUST THE TYPE OF PERSON I'M LOOKING FOR.
JIM IS GOING TO THE JUNGLE!
JIM IS GOING TO THE JUNGLE!
THREE DAYS LATER...
I'M ALL READY, MR. BAXTER! WE CAN GO NOW!
AFTER MR. BAXTER TELLS JIM ABOUT THE EXPEDITION, THE TWO MEN PART, TO MEET AGAIN IN THREE DAYS...
2

IT'S JUST THE WAY I IMAGINED IT, MR BAXTER! JUST THE WAY!
AND SO THE LONG AND ARDUOUS JOURNEY THROUGH THE JUNGLE BEGINS FOR JIM AND MR. BAXTER.
WE WERE WISE TO BRING GUNS, WEREN'T WE, WHAT WITH THE DINOSAURS...
I CAN TELL YOU NOW, JIM, I NEVER DID BELIEVE THAT STUFF ABOUT THE DINOSAUR BURIAL GROUNDS. JUST A LOT OF FOSSILS, REALLY...
WHAT!! BUT YOU...
THE BURIAL GROUNDS BIT WAS JUST A RUSE SO THAT NO CROOKS WOULD CATCH ON TO WHAT WE ARE REALLY LOOKING FOR—TREASURE! A FABULOUS TREASURE!
YOU SAID THERE WERE DINOSAURS!
YES, BUT THIS TREASURE IS... HELL!
LOOK, MR. BAXTER! THEY'RE ATTACKING US!!! THEY'RE ATTACKING US!
3

THE SAVAGE OONAGUNDAS!!!
MY GUN, JIM! GIVE ME MY GUN! THOSE ARE OONAGUNDAS! HEAD-HUNTERS!
GOSH!. HEAD-HUNTERS!
GET THE PISTOL OUT OF THE BAG! HURRY UP!
THE PISTOL!
SHOOT, JIM! GO AHEAD AND SHOOT! TAKE A SHOT AT A NATIVE, OR THEY'LL HAVE OUR HIDES!!
TAKE THAT!
POW!
DIE! DIE! KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY! DIE! YAA HOO!
?
POW!
POW!
POW!

OK, OK... THEY'VE GONE NOW...
TAKE THAT, AND THAT!
POW!
ONE OF THEM'S WOUNDED...
HEY NOW... YOU GOOD WARRIOR... YOU SHOW ME VILLAGE YOU FROM, AND ME GIVE YOU NICE PRESENT... WE NO HURT YOU...
?
WE KNOW WHERE YOUR VILLAGE, WE TAKE YOU THERE AND MAKE PEACE...
POW!
HE WAS DANGEROUS, HE OBVIOUSLY HAD A GUN IN HIS BOOT..
THAT'S NO REASON TO KILL HIM! AFTER ALL, NEGROES ARE HUMAN BEINGS.
AT LAST... HE HAD TIME TO SHOW ME THE WAY TO HIS VILLAGE, BUT WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE FACT THAT OUR TREASURE LIES AMONGST THE OONAGUNDAS?
5
©

THROUGH A CUNNING COMBINATION OF GUILE AND FOOLHARDINESS, JIM AND MR. BAXTER MANAGE WITHOUT MUCH DIFFICULTY TO SEIZE THE TREASURE OF THE OONAGUNDAS...
GOOD! NOW THAT WE HAVE THE TREASURE, LET'S GO LOOK FOR THE DINOSAUR BURIAL GROUND, OK?
I TOLD YOU, IT DOESN'T EXIST, FOR GOD'S SAKE!
HEY! HEY! PUT DOWN THAT PISTOL, JIM!... IT'S DANGEROUS AND...
HAPPY TRAILS, MR. BAXTER!
AND A LITTLE WHILE LATER...
TOO BAD HIS HAT WAS TOO SMALL FOR ME, I COULD HAVE USED IT.
EVEN SO... I WAS MAD TO LET MYSELF BE LED BY THAT BAXTER CHARACTER. IT'S OBVIOUS THAT THERE'S NO DINOSAUR BURIAL GROUND IN THIS TERRITORY. BUT NOW THAT I'M RICH, I'LL ORGANIZE A REALLY BIG EXPEDITION AND I'LL FIND IT: BUT I'LL SURE NEVER SET FOOT BACK HERE AGAIN.
·END·
LUC CORNILLON
21.1.1979

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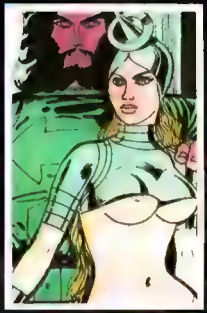

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Alfred
THE STARS MY
by Byron Preiss

The old year soured as pestilence poisoned the planets. The war gained momentum and grew from a distant affair of romantic raids and skirmishes in space to a holocaust in the making. It became evident that the Solar War had begun

The belligerents slowly massed men and material for the havoc The Outer Satellites introduced universal conscription, and the Inner Planets perforce followed suit. Industries, trades, sciences, skills, and professions were drafted; regulations and oppressions followed

Commerce obeyed, for this war (like all wars) was the shooting phase of a commercial struggle Populations rebelled, and draft-jaunting and labor-jaunting became critical problems. Spy scares and invasion scares spread. A foreboding paralyzed every home from Baffin Island to the Falklands. The dying year was enlivened only by the advent of the Four Mile Circus.

This was the popular nickname for the grotesque entourage of Geoffrey Fourmyle of Ceres, a wealthy young buffoon from the largest of the asteroids. Fourmyle of Ceres was enormously rich; he was also enormously amusing He was the classic nouveau riche of all time. His entourage was a cross between a country circus and the comic court of a Bulgarian duchy, as this typical arrival in Green Bay, Wisconsin, suggests

Early in the morning a lawyer, wearing the stovepipe hat of a legal clan, ' appeared with a list of campsites in his hand and a small fortune in his pocket. He settled on a four-acre meadow facing Lake Michigan and rented it for an exorbitant fee He was followed by a gang of surveyors from the Mason & Dixon clan In twenty minutes the surveyors had laid out a camp site and the word was spread that the Four Mile Circus was arriving. Locals from Wisconsin, Michigan, and Minnesota came to watch the fun

Bester's DESTINATION

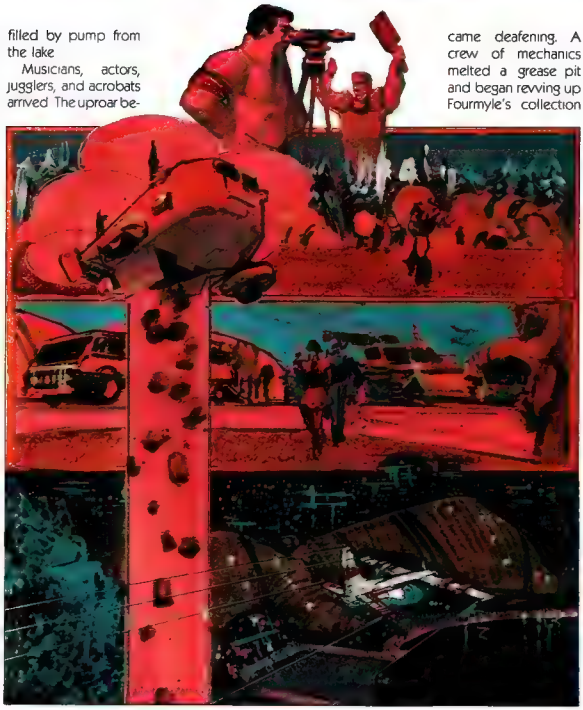
and Howard Chaykin

Twenty roustabouts jaunted in, each carrying a tent pack on his back. There was a mighty overture of orders, shouts, and the tortured scream of compressed air. Twenty giant tents ballooned upward, their ac and latex surfaces gleaming as they dried in the winter sun The spectators cheered

A six-motor helicopter drifted down and hovered over a giant trampoline. Its belly opened and a cascade of furnishings came down. Valets, chefs, and waiters furnished and decorated the tents. Fourmyle's private police were already on duty, patrolling the four acres, keeping the huge crowd of spectators back.

Then, by plane, by car, by bus, by truck, by bike,and by jaunte came Fourmyle's entourage. Librarians and books, scientists and laboratories, philosophers, poets, athletes. A fifty-foot pool was sunk in the ground and filled by pump from the lake

Musicians, actors, jugglers, and acrobats arrived The uproar became deafening. A crew of mechanics melted a grease pit and began revving up Fourmyle's collection of vintage diesel harvesters. Last of all came the wives, daughters, mistresses, chiselers, and grafters By midmorning the roar of the circus could be heard for four miles, hence the nickname

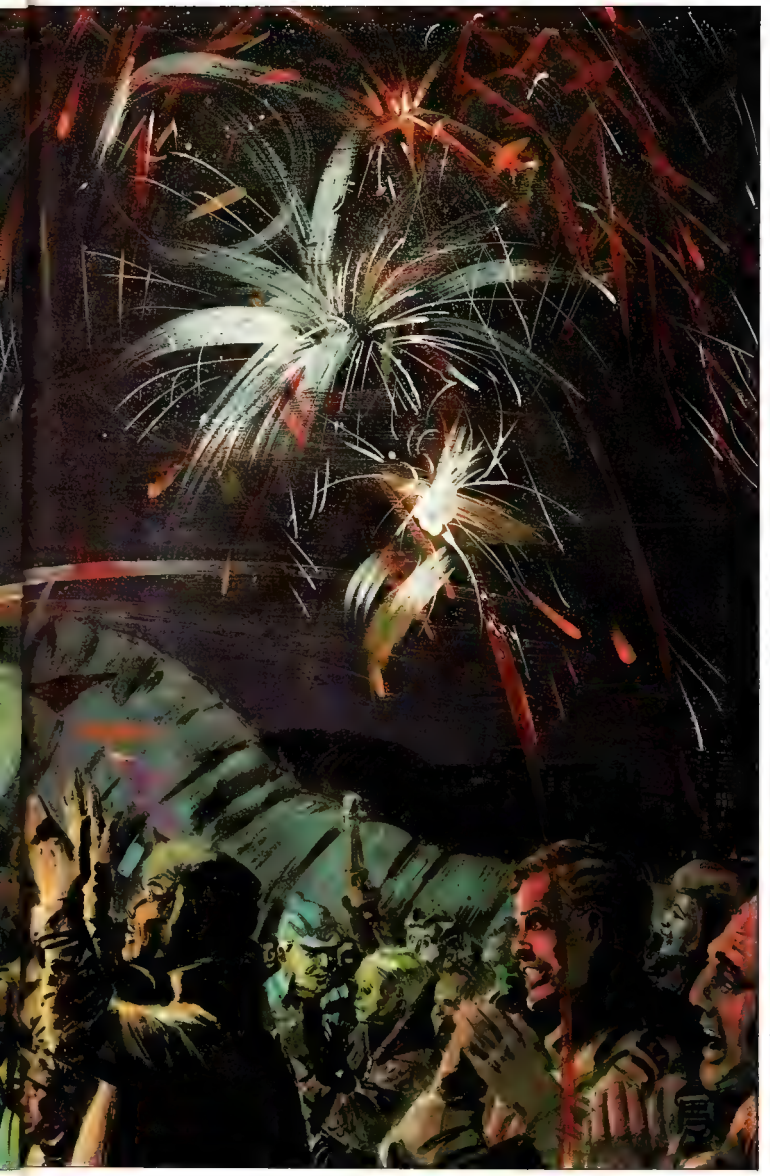


At noon, Fourmyle of Ceres arrived with a display of conspicuous transportation so outlandish that it had been known to make seven-year melancholics laugh. A giant amphibian thrummed up from the south and landed on the lake An LST barge emerged from the plane and droned across the water to the shore. Its forward wall banged down into a drawbridge and out came a twentieth century staff car. Wonder piled on wonder for the delighted spectators, for the staff car drove a matter of twenty yards to the center of camp and then stopped.

"What can possibly come next? Bike?"

"Roller skates"

"Jetpack?"



Fourmyle capped their speculations. The muzzle of a circus cannon thrust up from the staff car. There was the bang of a black-powder explosion, and Fourmyle of Ceres was shot out of the cannon in a graceful arc to the very door of his tent, where he was caught in a net by four valets. The applause that greeted him could be heard for six miles. Fourmyle climbed onto his valets' shoulders and motioned for silence.

"Friends, Romans, countrymen," Fourmyle began earnestly. "Lend me your ears, Shakespeare. 1564 to 1616. Damn!" Four white doves shook themselves out of Fourmyle's sleeves and fluttered away. He regarded them with astonishment, then continued. "Friends, greetings, salutations, bonjour, bon ton, bon-vivant, bon voyage, bon—what the hell?" Fourmyle's pockets caught fire and rocketed forth Roman candles. He tried to put himself out. Streamers and confetti burst from him. "Friends . . . shut up! I'll get this speech straight. Quiet! Friends—!" Fourmyle looked down at himself in dismay. His clothes were melting away, revealing lurid scarlet underwear. "Kleinmann!" he bellowed furiously. "Kleinmann! What's happened to your goddamned hypno-training?"

A hairy head thrust out of a tent. "You stoodied for dis sbeech last night, Fourmyle?"

"Damn right. For two hours I stoodied. Never took my head out of the hypno-oven. Kleinmann on Prestidigitation."

"No, no, no!" the hairy man bawled. "How many times must I tell you? Presitidigitation is not sbeechmaking. Is magic. Dumbkopf! You haff the wrong hypnosis taken!"

The scarlet underwear began melting. Fourmyle toppled from the shoulders of his valets and disappeared within his tent. There was a roar of laughter and cheering and the Four Mile Circus ripped into high gear.

Inside his tent, Fourmyle changed his clothes, his mind, changed again, undressed again, and called for his tailor.

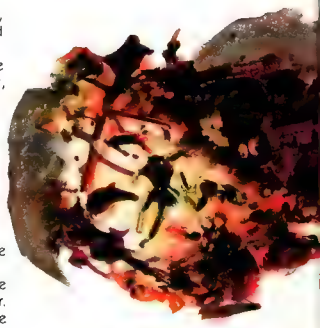
Halfway into a new suit, he recollected he had neglected to bathe. He slapped his tailor, ordered ten gallons of scent to be decanted into the pool, and was stricken with poetic inspiration. He summoned his resident poet.

"Take this down," Fourmyle commanded. "Le roi est mort, les— wait. What rhymes with moon?"

"June," his poet suggested. "Croon, soon, dune, loon, noon, rune, tune, boon ..."

"I forgot my experiment!" Fourmyle exclaimed. "Dr. Bohun! Dr. Bohun!"

Half naked, he rushed pell-mell into the laboratory, where he blew himself and Dr. Bohun, his resident chemist, halfway across the tent.



As the chemist attempted to raise himself from the floor, Fourmyle jaunted to his physics laboratory, where he destroyed an expensive chronometer to experiment with cog wheels, jaunted to the bandstand, where he seized a baton and conducted the orchestra into confusion, put on skates and fell into the scented swimming pool, was hauled out, swearing fulminously at the lack of ice, and was heard to express a desire for solitude.

"I wish to commute with myself," Fourmyle said, kicking his valets in all directions. He was snoring before the last of them limped to the door and closed it behind him.

The snoring stopped and Foyle arose "That ought to hold them for today," he muttered, and went into his dressing room. He stood before a mirror, took a deep breath and held it At the expiration of one minute his face was still untainted. He continued to hold his breath, maintaining rigid control, mastering the strain with iron calm. At two minutes and twenty seconds the stigmata appeared, blood-red Foyle let out his breath The tiger mask faded

Boppix™ special effect courtesy of Watson Manning 927 Beachway, Stratford, Conn

"Better," he murmured

He stripped and examined his body. He was in magnificent condition, but his skin still showed delicate silver seams in a network from neck to ankles It looked as though someone had carved

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That's right. This innocent-looking blow-in card almost cost the life of one of America's most respected and beloved military men, General Alexander Haig

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Well, we know it was wrong. That's not the point. Some GI—and gosh knows it wasn't his fault—dropped one of these cards out the window of a NATO escort vehicle It almost cost the life of General Haig It was the first time the general has seen action. Don't let it be the first time you do. You see, you're holding it in your hands. Turn it over. Carefully. Gently fill out the other side with a soft pen, and send it back to us. We have trained experts standing by to defuse it Don't let your blood be on our hands. Send it today.

Signed,

Lt. T. Armageddonwithit Mann

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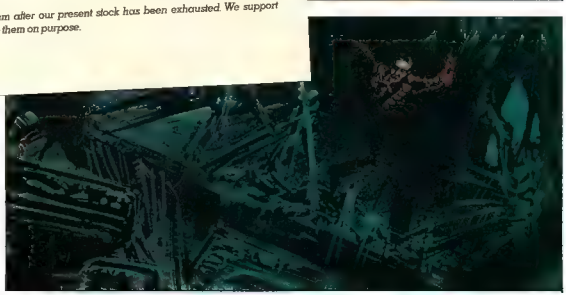

He jaunted to Robin Wednesbury's apartment in the lonely building amidst the Wisconsin pines It was the real reason for the advent of the Four Mile Circus in Green Bay He jaunted and arrived in darkness and empty space and immediately plummeted down

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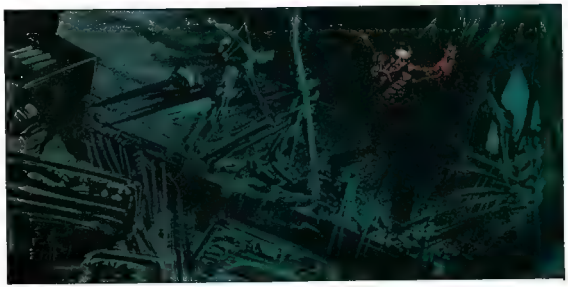
"Better," he murmured.

He stripped and examined his body. He was in magnificent condition, but his skin still showed delicate silver seams in a network from neck to ankles. It looked as though someone had carved an outline of the nervous system into Foyle's flesh. The silver seams were the scars of an operation, which had not yet faded.

That operation had cost Foyle a £r 200,000 bribe to the chief surgeon of the Mars Commando Brigade and had transformed him into an extraordinary fighting machine. Microscopic transistors and transformers had been buried in muscle and bone, a minute platinum outlet showed at the base of his spine. To this Foyle affixed a power pack the size of a pea and switched it on. His body began an internal electronic vibration that was almost mechanical.

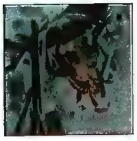
"More machine than man," he thought. He dressed, rejected the extravagant apparel of Fourmyle of Ceres for the anonymous black coverall of action.

He jaunted to Robin Wednesbury's apartment in the lonely building amidst the Wisconsin pines. It was the real reason for the advent of the Four Mile Circus in Green Bay. He jaunted and arrived in darkness and empty space and immediately plummeted down.



Boccon "special effect courtesy of Watson Wyman's 1971 E. Brookway Stafford Conn

"Incorrect co-ordinates?" he thought "Mis-jaunted?"



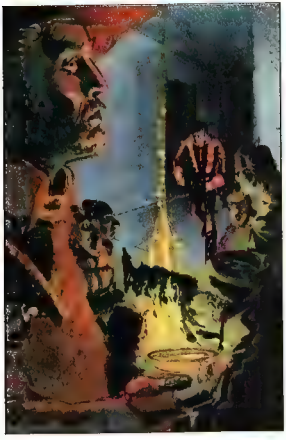
The broken end of a rafter dealt him a bruising blow, and he landed heavily on a shattered floor upon the putrefying remains of a corpse.

Foyle leaped up in calm revulsion He pressed hard with his tongue against his right upper first molar

The operation that had transformed half his body into an electronic machine, had located the control switchboard in his teeth Foyle pressed a tooth with his tongue, and the peripheral cells of his retina were excited into emitting a soft light

The corpse lay in the apartment below Robin's flat

"Jacked," Foyle said softly



The jaunting age had crystallized the hoboes, tramps, and vagabonds of the world into a new class They followed the night from east to west, always in darkness, always in search of loot, the leavings of disaster, carrion. They called themselves Jack-jaunters. They were jackals

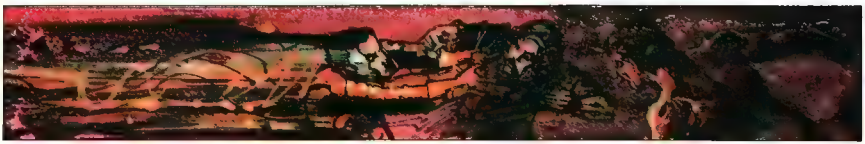
Foyle climbed up through the wreckage to the corridor on the floor above The Jack-jaunters had a camp there. A whole calf roasted before a fire, which sparked up to the sky through a rent in the roof There were a dozen men and three women around the fire, rough, dangerous, jabbering in the Cockney rhyming slang of the jackals

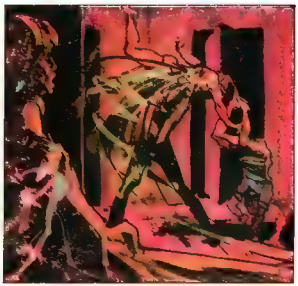
An ominous growl and anger and terror met Foyle's appearance as the big man in black came up through the rubble, his intent eyes emitting pale beams of light. Calmly, he strode through the rising mob to the entrance of Robin Wednesbury's flat His iron control gave him an air of detachment

"If she's dead," he thought, "I'm finished I've got to use her."

Robin's apartment was gutted like the rest of the building. Foyle searched for a body Two men and a woman were in the bedroom

Foyle backed a step and pressed his tongue against his upper incisors. Neural circuits buzzed and his body was accelerated by a factor of five





The effect was an instantaneous reduction of the external world to extreme slow motion. Sound became a deep garble. Color shifted down the spectrum into red. The two assailants seemed to float toward him with dreamlike languor. He sidestepped the blow inching toward him, walked around the man, raised him and threw him toward the crater in the living room. He threw the second man after the first jackal. Foyle turned to the woman in the bed.

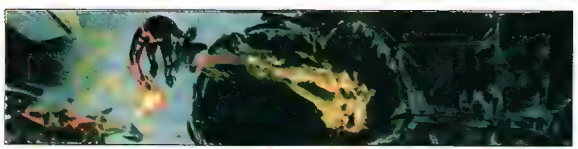
"Wsthrabdy?" the man asked.

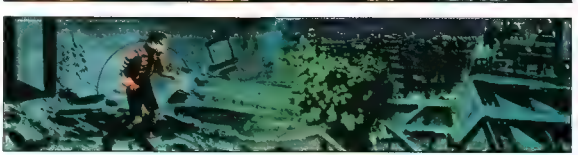
The woman shrieked.

Foyle pressed his upper incisors again, cutting off the accelerator. The external world shook itself out of slow motion back to normal.

"Was there a body?" Foyle repeated gently. "A Negro girl?" The woman was unintelligible. He took her by the hair and shook her, then hurled her through the crater in the floor.

His search for a clue to Robin's face was interrupted by the mob from the hall. "Don't bother me," Foyle warned quietly, ferreting intently through closets and under overturned furniture. Then he switched off his electronic system and jaunted





He appeared in Green Bay smelling so abominably that he entered the local Presteign shop to buy a deodorant. The local Mr. Presto had evidently witnessed the arrival of the Four Mile Circus and recognized him. Foyle at once awoke from his detached intensity and became the outlandish Fourmyle of Ceres.

He clowned and cavorted, bought a flagon of Euge No. 5, dabbed himself delicately and tossed the bottle into the street to the edification and delight of Mr. Presto.

The record clerk at the County Record Office was unaware of Foyle's identity and was obdurate and uncompromising.

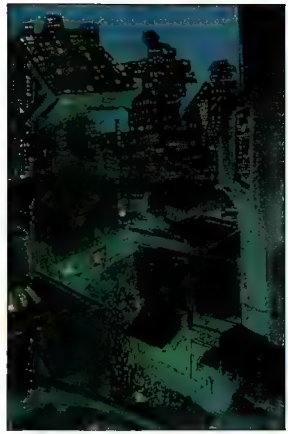
"No, sir, county records are not viewed without proper court order."

Foyle examined him keenly and without rancor. "Asthenic" type, he decided. "Not bribable; too repressed and strait-laced, but repression's the chink in his armor."

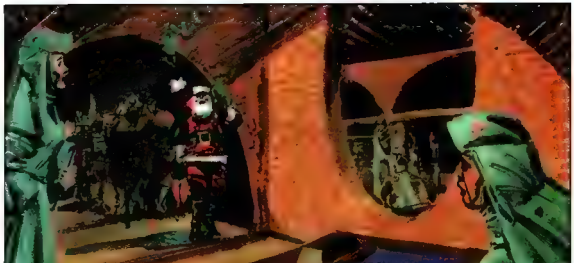
An hour later six followers from the Four Mile Circus waylaid the record clerk. They were of the female persuasion, endowed with vice. Two hours later, the record clerk delivered up his information. The apartment building had been opened to Jack-jaunting by a gas explosion two weeks earlier. Robin Wednesbury was in protective confinement in Mercy Hospital.

"Protective confinement?" Foyle wondered. "What's she done?"

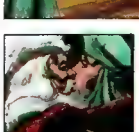
It took a short time to organize a party in the Four Mile Circus. It was made up of musicians, singers, actors, and rabble who knew the Iron Mountain coordinates. Led by their chief buffoon, they paraded through the town spreading largess and laughter. They blundered into the radar field of the Proving Ground protection system and were driven out with laughter.

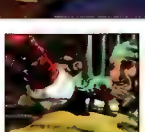


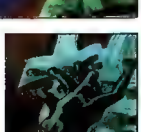
Fourmyle of Ceres, dressed as Santa Claus, scattering bank notes from a huge sack over his shoulder and leaping in agony as the induction field of the protection system burned his bottom, made an entrancing spectacle.



They burst into Mercy Hospital, following Santa Claus, who roared and cavorted with the detached calm of an elephant. He kissed nurses, made drunk attendants, pestered patients with gifts, littered corridors with money, and abruptly disappeared when the happy rioting reached such heights that the police had to be called. Much later it was discovered that a patient had disappeared too, despite the fact that she had been under sedation and was incapable of jaunting. As a matter of fact, she departed from the hospital inside Santa's sack.







Foyle jaunted with her over his shoulder to the hospital grounds. There in a quiet grove of pines under a frosty sky, he helped her out of the sack.

She wore hospital pajamas and was beautiful.

He removed his own costume, watching the girl intently, waiting to see if she would recognize him and remember him.

She was alarmed and confused; her telesending was like heat lightning: **"Who is he? What's happened? The music. The uproar. Why kidnapped in a sack? Drunks slurring on trombones. 'Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus.' Adeste Fidelis. What's he want from me? Who is he?"**

"I'm Fourmyle of Ceres," Foyle said

"What? Who? Fourmyle of—? Yes, of course **The buffoon. The bourgeois gentilhomme. Vulgarity. Imbecility. Obscenity. The Four Mile Circus.** Am I telesending?"

"I hear you, Miss Wednesbury," Foyle said quietly.

"What have you done? Why? What do you want with me? I—"

"I want you to look at me."

"Bonjour, Madame. Into my sack, madame. Ecco! Look at me. I'm looking," Robin said, trying to control the jangle of her thoughts. She gazed up into his face without recognition. **"It's a face. I've seen so many like it. The faces of men. Everyman in rut. Will God never save us from brute desire?"**

"My rutting season's over, Miss Wednesbury."

"I'm sorry you heard that. I'm terrified, naturally. I—you know me?"

"I know you."

"We've met before? She scrutinized him closely, but still without recognition. Deep down inside Foyle there was a surge of triumph. If this woman of all women failed to remember him, he was safe, provided he kept blood and brains and face under control.

"We've never met," he said. "I've heard of you. I want something from you. That's why we're here, to talk about it. If you don't like my offer,you can go back to the hospital."

"You want something? **But I've got nothing . . . nothing. Nothing's left but shame and— Why did the suicide fail? Why couldn't I—"**

"So that's it?" Foyle interrupted softly. "You tried to commit suicide, eh? That accounts for the gas explosion that opened the building . . . . And your protective confinement Attempted suicide. Why weren't you hurt in the explosion?"

"So many were hurt, but I was not. I'm unlucky, I suppose."

"Why suicide?"

"I'm tired. I've lost everything. I'm on the army gray list—suspected, watched. No job. No family. Why suicide? What else out suicide?"

"You can work for me."

"What did you say?"

"I want you to work for me, Miss Wednesbury."

She burst into hysterical laughter. "For you? **Another camp follower in the Circus?** Work for you, Fourmyle?"

"You've got sex on the brain," he said gently. "I'm not looking for tarts. They look for me, as a rule."

"I'm sorry. **I'm obsessed by the brute who destroyed me. I**—I'll try to make sense." Robin calmed herself. "Let me understand you. You've taken me out of the hospital to offer me a job. You've heard of me. That means you want something special. My specialty is telesending."

"And charm."

"What?"

"I want to buy your charm, Miss Wednesbury."

"I don't understand."

"Why," Foyle said mildly, "it ought to be simple for you. I'm the buffoon. I'm vulgarity, imbecility, obscenity. That's got to stop. I want you to be my social secretary."

"You expect me to believe that? You could hire a hundred social secretaries. You expect me to believe that I'm the only one for you? That you had to kidnap me from protective confinement to get me?"

Foyle nodded. "There are thousands, but you can telesend."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"You're going to be the ventriloquist; I'm going to be your dummy. I don't know the upper classes; you do. They have their own talk, their own jokes, their own manners. If a man wants to be accepted by them he's got to talk their language."

"You could learn."

"No. It would take too long—and charm can't be learned. I want to buy your charm, Miss Wednesbury. Now, about salary I'll pay you a thousand a month."

Her eyes widened. "You're very generous, Fourmyle."

"I'll clean up this suicide charge for you."

"You're very kind."

"You'll be back on the white list by the time you finish working for me. You can start with a clean slate and a bonus. You can start living again."

Robin's lips trembled, and then she began to cry. She sobbed and shook, and Foyle had to steady her. "Well," he asked. "Will you do it?"

She nodded. "You're so kind . . . :It's . . . I'm not used to kindness any more."

The dull concussion of a distant explosion made Foyle stiffen. "Another blue jaunte. I—" he exclaimed in sudden panic.

"No," Robin said. "I don't know what blue jaunte is, but that's the Proving Ground. They—" She looked up at Foyle's face and screamed. The unexpected shock of the explosion and the vivid chain of associations had wrenched loose his iron control. The blood-red scars of tattooing showed under his skin. She stared at him in horror, still screaming.

He touched his face once, then leaped forward and gagged her. Once again he had hold of himself.

"It shows, eh?" he murmured with a ghastly smile. "Lost my grip for a minute. Thought I was back in Gouffre Martel. Yes, I'm Foyle. You had to know, sooner or later, but I'd hoped it would be later. Will you listen to me?"

She shook her head frantically, trying to struggle out of his grasp. With detached calm he punched her jaw. Robin sagged. Foyle picked her up, wrapped her in his coat and held her in his arms, waiting for consciousness to return. When he saw her eyelids flutter he spoke again.

"I could blackmail you," he said. "I know your mother and sisters are on Callisto, that you're classed as an alien—belligerent by association. That puts you on the blacklist, ipso facto. Is that right? Ipso facto. 'By the very fact.' Latin. You can't trust hypno-learning. I could point out that all I have to do is send anonymous information to Central Intelligence, and you wouldn't be just suspect any more. They'd be ripping information out of you."

He felt her shudder. "I'm not going to do it that way. I'm going to tell you the truth because I want to turn you into a partner. Your mother's in the Inner Planets. She may be on Terra."

"Safe?" she whispered.

"I don't know."

"Put me down."

He set her on her feet.

"You destroyed me once," she said in choked tones. "Are you trying to destroy me again?"

"No. Will you listen? I was lost in space. I was dead and rotting for six months. A ship came up that could have saved me. It passed me by. It let me die. A ship named 'Vorga.' 'Vorga-T:1339.' Does that mean anything to you?"

"No."

"Jiz McQueen—a friend of mine who's dead now—once told me to find out why I was left to rot. That would be the answer to who gave the order. So I started buying information about 'Vorga.' Any information."

"What's that to do with my mother?"

"Just listen. Information was tough to buy. The 'Vorga' records were removed from the Bo'ness & Uig files. I managed to locate three names, three out of a standard crew of four officers and twelve men. Nobody knew anything or nobody would talk. I found this." Foyle took a silver locket from his pocket and handed it to Robin. "It was pawned by some spaceman off the 'Vorga.' That's all I could find out."

Robin uttered a cry and opened the locket with trembling fingers. Inside was her picture and the pictures of two other girls. As the locket was opened, the holographs smiled and whispered: "Love from Robin, Mama . . . . Love from Holly, Mama . . . . Love from Wendy, Mama . . . ."

"It is my mother's," Robin wept. "It—she—for pity's sake, where is she?"

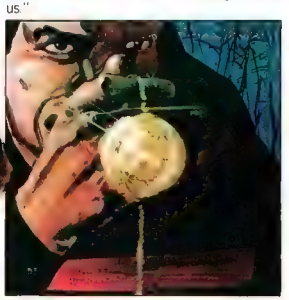
"I don't know," Foyle said steadily, "but I can guess. I think your mother got out of that concentration camp one way or another."

"My sisters too. She'd never leave them."

"Maybe your sisters too. I think 'Vorga' was running refugees out of Callisto. Your family paid with money and jewelry to get aboard and be taken to the Inner Planets. That's how a spaceman off the 'Vorga' came to pawn this locket."

"Then where are they?"

"I don't know. Maybe they were dumped on Mars or Venus. Most probably they were sold to a labor camp on the Moon, which is why they haven't been able to get in touch with you. I don't know where they are, but 'Vorga' can tell us."



"Are you lying? Tricking me?"

"Is that locket a lie? I'm telling the truth . . . all the truth I know. I want to find out why they left me to die, and who gave the order. The man who gave the order will know where your mother and sisters are. He'll tell you . . . before I kill him. He'll have plenty of time. He'll be a long time dying."

Robin looked at him in horror The passion that gripped him was making his face once again show the scarlet stigmata He looked like a tiger closing in for the kill.

"I've got a fortune to spend . . . never mind how I got it. I've got three months to finish the job. I've learned enough math to compute the probabilities. Three months is the outside before they figure that Fourmyle of Ceres is Gully Foyle. Ninety days From New Year's to All Fools. Will you join me?"

"You?" Robin cried with loathing. "Join you?"

"All this Four Mile Circus is camouflage. Nobody ever suspects a clown. I've been studying, learning, preparing for the finish. All I need now is you."

"You're hurting me." Robin wrenched her arm out of Foyle's grasp.

"Sorry. I lose control when I think about 'Vorga.' Will you help me find 'Vorga' and your family?"

"You're rotten," Robin burst out. "You destroy everything you touch. Someday I'll pay you back."

"We work together from New Year's to All Fools?"

"We work together."

On New Year's Eve, Geoffrey Fourmyle of Ceres made his onslaught on society. He appeared first in Canberra at the Government House ball, half an hour before midnight. This was a highly formal affair, bursting with color and pageantry, for it was the custom at formals for society to wear the evening dress that had been fashionable the year its clan was founded or its trademark patented.

Fourmyle of Ceres appeared in evening clothes, very modern and very black, relieved only by a white sunburst on his shoulder, the trademark of the Ceres clan. With him was Robin Wednesbury in a glittering white gown.

The black and white contrast was so arresting that an orderly was sent to check the sunburst trademark in the Almanac of Peerages and Patents. He returned with the news that it was of the Ceres Mining Company, organized in 2250. The House of Ceres had gone into eclipse, but had never become extinct.

"Fourmyle? The clown?"

"Yes. The Four Mile Circus. Everybody's talking about him."

Society clustered around Fourmyle, curious but wary.

"Here they come," Foyle muttered to Robin.

"Relax. They want the light touch. They'll accept anything if it's amusing. Stay tuned."

"Are you that dreadful man with the circus, Fourmyle?"

"Sure you are. Smile."

"I am, madam. You may touch me."

"Are you proud of your bad taste?"

"The problem today is to have any taste at all."

"The problem today is to have any taste at all. I think I'm lucky."

"Lucky but dreadfully indecent."

"Indecent but not dull."

"Why aren't you cavorting now?"

"I'm 'under the influence,' madam."

"Oh dear. Are you drunk? I'm Lady Shrapnel When will you be sober again?"

"I'm under your influence, Lady Shrapnel."

"You wicked young man. Charles! Charles, come here and save Fourmyle I'm ruining him."

"That's Victor of RCA Victor."

"Fourmyle, is it? Delighted What's that entourage of yours cost?"

"Tell him the truth."

"Forty thousand, Victor."

"Forty thousand a week?"

"A day."

"A day! What on earth d'you want to spend all that money for?"

"The truth!"

"For notoriety, Victor."

"Ha! Are you serious?"

"I told you he was wicked, Charles."

"Damned refreshing Klaus! Here a moment. This impudent, young man is spending forty thousand a day . . . for notoriety, if you please."

"Skoda of Skoda."

"Good evening, Fourmyle I am much interested in this revival of the name You are, perhaps, a cadet descendant of the original founding board of Ceres, Inc.?"

"Give him the truth."

"No, Skoda. It's a title by purchase I bought the company I'm an upstart."

"Good. Toujours de l'audace!"

"My word, Fourmyle! You're frank!"

"Told you he was impudent Very refreshing. There's a parcel of damned upstarts, young man, but they don't admit it."

"Elizabeth, meet Fourmyle of Ceres."

"Fourmyle! I've been dying to meet you."

"Lady Elizabeth Citroen."

"Is it true you travel with a portable college?"

"The light touch here."

"A portable high school, Lady Elizabeth."

"Why on earth, Fourmyle?"

"Oh, madam, it's so difficult to spend money these days We have to find the silliest excuses If only somebody would invent a new extravagance."

"You ought to travel with a portable inventor, Fourmyle."

"I do, but he wastes his time on perpetual motion What I need is a resident spendthrift."

Would any of your clans care to lend me a younger son?"

"Would any of us care to!? There's many a clan would pay for the privilege of unloading."

"Isn't perpetual motion spendthrift enough for you, Fourmyle?"

"No. It's a shocking waste of money The whole point of extravagance is to act like a fool and feel like a fool, but enjoy it Where's the joy in perpetual motion? Is there any extravagance in entropy? Millions for nonsense, but not one cent for entropy My slogan"

They laughed and the crowd clustering around Fourmyle grew. They were delighted and amused. He was a new toy. Then it was midnight, and as the great clock tolled in the New Year, the gathering prepared to jaunte with midnight around the world.

"Come with us, Fourmyle. Regis Sheffield's giving a marvelous legal party."

"Hong Kong, Fourmyle."

"Tokyo, Fourmyle It's raining in Hong Kong. Come to Tokyo and bring your circus."

"Thank you, no. Shanghai for me. I promise an extravagant reward to the first one who discovers the deception of my costume. Meet you in two hours. Ready, Robin?"

"Don't jaunte. Bad manners. Walk out. Slowly. Languor is chic. Respects to the governor ... to the commissioner ... their ladies ... bien. Don't forget to tip the attendants. Not him, idiot! That's the lieutenant governor. All right, you made a hit. You're accepted. Now what?"

"Now what we came to Canberra for"

"I thought we came for the ball"

"The ball and a man named Forrest"

"Who's that?"

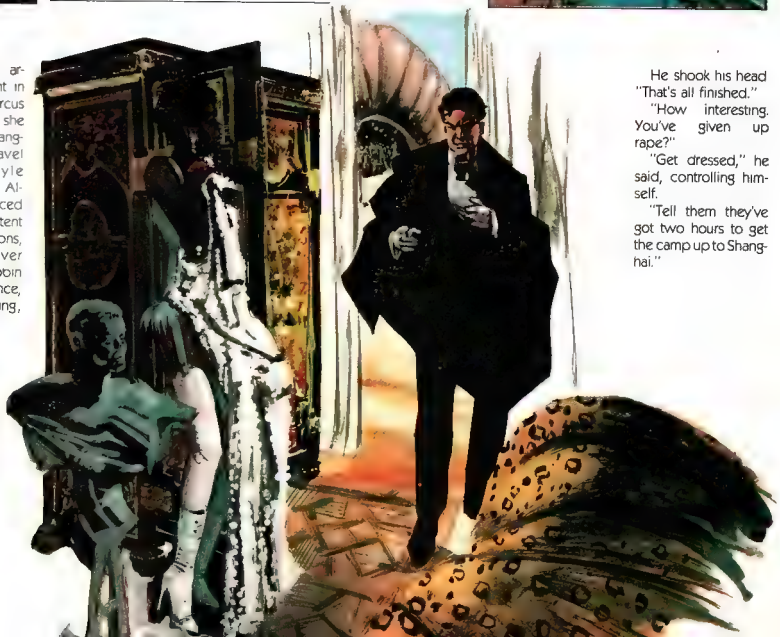
"Ben Forrest, spaceman off the 'Vorga.' I've got three leads to the man who gave the order to let me die. Three names. A cook in Rome named Poggi; a quack in Shanghai named Orel; and this man, Forrest."

"We've got two hours to find Forrest. Do you know the coordinates of the Aussie Cannery?"

"I don't want any part of your revenge. I'm searching for my family."

"This is a combined operation," he said with such detached savagery that she winced and at once jaunted

When Foyle arrived in his tent in the Four Mile Circus on Jervis Beach, she was already changing into travel clothes. Foyle looked at her. Although he forced her to live in his tent for security reasons, he had never touched her. Robin caught his glance, stopped changing, and waited.



He shook his head "That's all finished."

"How interesting. You've given up rape?"

"Get dressed," he said, controlling himself.

"Tell them they've got two hours to get the camp up to Shanghai."

It was twelve-thirty when Foyle and Robin arrived at the front office of the Aussie Cannery company town. They applied for identification tags and were greeted by the mayor himself.

"Happy New Year," he caroled. "Happy! Happy! Happy! Visiting? A pleasure to drive you around. Permit me." He bundled them into a lush helicopter and took off. "Lots of visitors tonight. Ours is a friendly town. Friendliest company town in the world." The craft circled giant buildings below.

"Do tell," Foyle murmured.

"Yessir, we've got everything. You don't have to jaunte around the world looking for fun."

"Having absentee problems, I see."

The mayor refused to falter in his sales pitch. "We can afford more luxury transportation per capita than any other town on earth. Look at those homes. Mansions. Our people are rich and happy. We keep 'em rich and happy."

"Do you keep them?"

"What d'you mean? Of course we—"

"You can tell us. We're not joo prospects. Do you keep them?"

"We can't keep 'em more than six months," the mayor groaned. "It's a headache. We give 'em everything but we can't hold on to 'em. They get the wanderlust and jaunte."

"Nobody can."

"There ought to be a law. Forrest, you said? Right here."

He landed them before a Swiss chalet set in an acre of gardens and took off. Foyle and Robin stepped before the door of the house, waiting for the monitor to pick them up and announce them. Instead, the door flashed red, and a skull and crossbones appeared on it. "WARNING. THIS RESIDENCE IS MAN-TRAPPED BY THE LETHAL DEFENSE CORPORATION OF SWEDEN R 77-23. YOU HAVE BEEN LEGALLY NOTIFIED."

They walked around the chalet, pursued by the skull and crossbones flashing at intervals, and the canned warning. At one side, they saw the top of a cellar window brightly illuminated and heard the muffled voices.

"Cellar Christians!" Foyle exclaimed. He and Robin peered through the window at a highly illegal scene. The twenty-fourth century had outlawed organized religion.

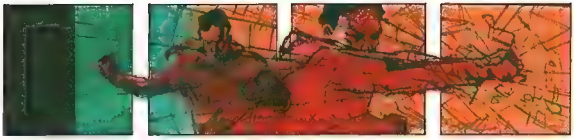
"No wonder the house is man-trapped," Foyle said.

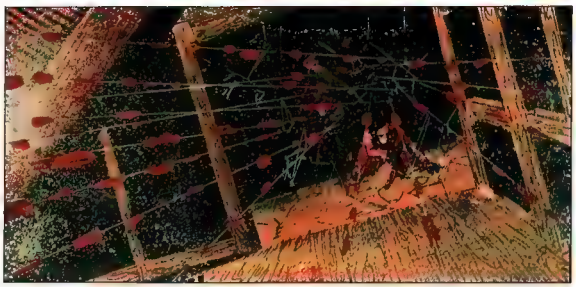
"Did you ever stop to think what religion is?" Robin asked quietly.

"This is no time for dirty talk," Foyle said impatiently. "Save it for later. Come."

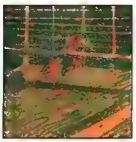
The rear of the chalet was a solid wall of glass, the picture window of a dimly lit, empty living room.

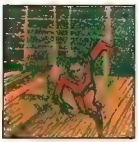
Foyle triggered his body, accelerated into a lightning blur, and smashed a hole in the glass wall.





Far down on the sound spectrum he heard dull concussions. They were shots. Quick projectiles laced toward him. Foyle dropped to the floor and tuned his ears, sweeping from low bass to supersonic until at last he picked up the hum of the control mechanism.





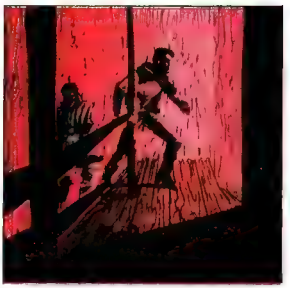
He turned his head gently, pinpointed the location by binaural D/F, wove in through the stream of shots, and demolished the mechanism. He decelerated.

"Come in, quick!" Robin joined him. The Cellar Christians were pouring up into the house somewhere, emitting the sounds of martyrs.

"Wait here," Foyle grunted. He accelerated, located the Cellar Christians in poses of frozen flight, and sorted through them. He returned to Robin and decelerated.

"None of them is Forrest," he reported. "Maybe he's upstairs."

They raced up the back stairs. On the landing they paused to take bearings.



"Have to work fast," Foyle muttered. "Between the shots and the riot—" He broke off A low mewling sound came from a door at the head of the stairs Foyle sniffed.

"Analogue!" he exclaimed. "Must be Forrest. How about that? Religion in the cellar and dope upstairs."

"What are you talking about?"

"I'll explain later. In here. I only hope he isn't on a gorilla kick."

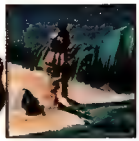
They were in a large, bare room. A heavy rope was suspended from the ceiling. A naked man was entwined with the rope midway in the air. He squirmed and slithered up and down the rope, emitting a mewling sound.

"Python," Foyle said "That's a break. Don't go near him. He'll mash your bones if he touches you."

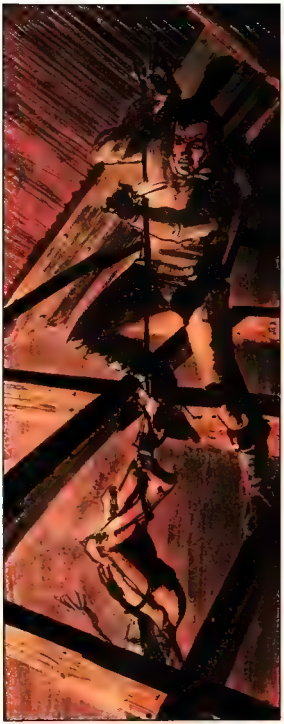
Voices below began to call: "Forrest! What's all the shooting!"

"Here they come," Foyle grunted. "Have to jaunte him out of here. Meet you back at the beach Go!"

He whipped a knife out of his pocket, cut the rope, swung the squirming man to his back, and jaunted.



Foyle arrived with the squirming man oozing over his neck and shoulders like a python, crushing him in a terrifying embrace



"Sinbad," he said in a strangled voice. "Old Man of the Sea. Quick girl! Right pockets. Three over. Two down. Sting ampule. Let him have it anywh—" His voice was choked off.

Robin opened the pocket, found a packet of glass beads, and took them out. Each bead had a bee-sting end. She thrust the sting of an ampule into the writhing man's neck. He collapsed. Foyle shook him off and arose from the sand. He took a deep breath. "Blood and bowels. Control," he said.

"What was all that horror?" Robin asked.

"Analogue. Psychiatric dope for psychotics. Illegal. A twitch has to release himself somehow. He identifies with a particular kind of animal—gorilla, grizzly. Takes the dope and turns into the animal he admires. Forrest was queer for snakes, seems as if."

"How do you know all this?"

"Told you I've been studying. Show you something else I've learned, if you're not chicken-livered. How to bring a twitch out of Analogue."

Forrest cried out in terror.

"You were aboard the 'Vorga' on September 16, 2436."

The man sobbed and shook his head.

"On September sixteen you passed a wreck. Out near the asteroid belt. Wreck of the 'Nomad,' your sister ship. She signaled for help. 'Vorga' passed her by. Left her to drift and die. Why did 'Vorga' pass her by?"

Forrest began to scream hysterically.

"The records are all gone from the Bo'ness & Uig files. Someone got to them before me. Who was that? Who was aboard 'Vorga'? Who shipped with you?"

"No," Forrest screamed. "No!"

Foyle opened another pocket in his battle coveralls and got to work on Forrest. Robin watched for a moment, then uttered a horrified cry, turned and walked to the edge of the water. She stood, staring blindly at the surf and the stars, until the mewling and the twisting ceased and Foyle called to her.

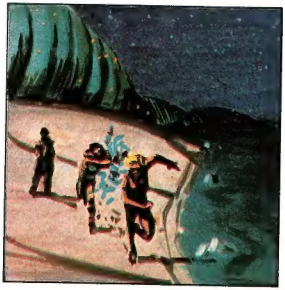
"You can come back now."

Robin returned to find a shattered creature seated upright on the beach gazing at Foyle with dull, sober eyes.

"You're Forrest?"

"Who the hell are you?"

"You're Ben Forrest, leading spaceman. Formerly aboard the Presteign 'Vorga.' "



Foyle held a sheaf of bank notes before the hysterical man's face. "I'll pay for the information. Analogue for the rest of your life. Who gave the order to Forrest? Who?"

The man smote the bank notes from Foyle's hand, leaped up, and ran down the beach. Foyle tackled him at the edge of the surf. Forrest fell headlong, his face in the water. Foyle held him there.

"Who commanded 'Vorga,' Forrest? Who gave the order?"

"You're drowning him!" Robin cried.

"Let him suffer a little. Water's easier than vacuum. I suffered for six months. Who gave the order, Forrest?"

The man bubbled and choked. Foyle lifted his head out of the water. "What are you? Loyal? Crazy? Scared? Your kind would sell out for five thousand. I'm offering fifty. Fifty thousand for information or you die slow and hard."

The tattooing appeared on Foyle's face. He forced Forrest's head back into the water and held the struggling man. Robin tried to pull him off.

"You're murdering him!"

Foyle turned his terrifying face on Robin. "Get your hands off me! Who was aboard with you, Forrest? Who gave the order?"

Forrest twisted his head out of the water. "Twelve of us on 'Vorga,'" he screamed. "There was me and Kemp—"

He jerked spasmodically and sagged. Foyle pulled his body out of the surf.

"Go on. You and who? Kemp? Who else? Talk."

There was no response.

"Dead," he growled. "Just when he was opening up. What a damned break." He took a deep breath and drew calm about him like an iron cloak. The tattooing disappeared from his face. He adjusted his watch for 120 degrees east longitude. "Almost midnight in Shanghai. Let's go."

"Maybe we'll have better luck with Sergei Orel, pharmacist's mate off the 'Vorga.' Don't look so scared, girl. Jaunte!"

Robin gasped. He saw that she was staring over his shoulder with an expression of incredulity. Foyle turned. A flaming figure loomed on the beach, a huge man with burning clothes and a hideously tattooed face. It was himself.

Foyle took a step toward it, and abruptly it was gone.

He turned to Robin, stunned. "Did you see that?"

"Yes."

"What was it?"

"You."

"Me? How's that possible? How—"

"It was you."

"But—" He faltered, the strength and furious possession drained out of him. "Was it illusion? Hallucination?"

"It was Gully Foyle," Robin said, "burning in hell."

"All right," Foyle burst out angrily. "It was me in hell, but I'm still going through with it. If I burn in hell, Vorga'll burn with me." He pounded his palms together. "Shanghai next. Jaunte!"

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